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The Shape of Things

UNTIL WALLACE IS CONFIRMED AS SECRETARY of Commerce, it would be most unwise for liberal and labor forces to relax their efforts in his behalf. As we go to press, Minority Leader White of the Senate has declared that he will oppose confirmation, and Senator Taft has announced that he will make a major speech in opposition to Wallace. McKellar of Tennessee is the first of the "Republicrats" to announce that he will vote against Wallace's appointment even to the Secretaryship as curtailed by the George Bill, and no doubt some other right-wing Southern Democrats will follow his example. In the House, passage of the George bill without further crippling Republican amendments was not only a triumph for Wallace but a smashing defeat for Jew-baiter Rankin of Mississippi. Rankin had hoped to lead his Republican-Southern Democratic coalition to anther great victory and to block the Wallace nomination by blocking the George bill. Speaker Rayburn deserves hearty congratulations on his successful leadership. *The Nation* likewise applauds Representatives James G. Fulton of Pennsylvania and Richard J. Welch of California, the only two Republican members who resisted the intense pressure of their party leadership and voted against recommittal of the George bill. We believe Wallace will win in the Senate, but we urge his supporters to keep fighting and take nothing for granted. *Nation* readers should attend the mass rallies for Wallace now being held in all important cities throughout the country. In New York, the Union for Democratic Action is sponsoring a Fight-for-Wallace Rally at the Town Hall on Monday, February 26, at 8 p.m., at which the principal speaker will be Leon Henderson.

*

THE PRESIDENT IS SAID TO BE MAKING A personal survey of the civilian-relief problem in Europe. We hope this report is true, for the economic situation of the liberated countries is becoming increasingly desperate. Both France and Belgium are threatened with further cuts in their meager rations, and both countries are afflicted by serious unemployment almost wholly because of lack of raw materials for their factories. This question has been under discussion for months between high-ranking American and British officials, but as in the case of the President's directive to increase bread rations in Italy, decisions reached in London and Washington fail to get translated into action. France was promised twenty-six shiploads of goods during the first quarter of this year; with half this period elapsed, eight ships have actually reached French ports. Shipping is obviously the crux of the difficulty, and this is the excuse for the reported negotiations between the UNRRA and Spain for an arrangement by which raw wool and cotton would be ex-

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ported in Spanish ships and manufactured in Spanish mills into blankets and clothing for relief purposes. We imagine Franco is quite delighted with this idea, which would allow him to tag along with the United Nations in a humanitarian disguise. But we can think of nothing that would prove more infuriating to the hundreds of thousands of idle French and Belgian textile workers than to give such a preference to a tricky and unfriendly "neutral." If there are Spanish ships available for carrying such raw materials, let us insist that they be chartered to carry goods to France and Belgium as a condition of continuing trade at all with Spain. And if we must look to any neutral for assistance with relief clothing, let us rather consider Switzerland, which has idle textile machinery and ships of its own plying between America and Lisbon. Switzerland, it may be noted, has just made a friendly gesture to the Allies by blocking German bank balances.

✶

IN REFUSING AN INVITATION TO MEET THE President "somewhere in the Mediterranean" in order to receive a first-hand account of the Crimea Conference, General de Gaulle is reported to have cited French economic difficulties as a reason why he could not leave Paris at this time. No doubt his object was to remind Mr. Roosevelt of the plight of France, though the deeper purpose of his refusal was to express a sense of grievance at exclusion from Yalta. That France has a genuine grievance cannot be doubted. The principal subject under discussion by the Big Three was the future of Germany, in which no country has a greater stake than France; of almost equal importance on their agenda was the problem of the organization of Europe, and as General de Gaulle has repeatedly and rightly asserted, nobody can run Europe without France. Again, while the official communiqué made no reference to the matter, it is reported that the Big Three also talked about "trusteeships" for colonies—a question in which France, as the second-largest colonial power, is vitally interested. But, while we deeply regret the absence of France at Yalta, we shall be sorry if hurt feelings lead the French government to dissociate itself from the decisions reached there. For the Big Three did take a step forward by seeking to include France in the executive commissions they decided to institute. We hope General de Gaulle and his Cabinet will not reject this opportunity but will use it as a springboard from which to reach the select circle of policy-makers.

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THE FRUITS OF YALTA BEGIN TO APPEAR—SOME sweet, some bitter. . . . Take Poland. Liberals as a whole have welcomed the Yalta statement which replaces unilateral by joint Allied decision and provides at least a framework for the creation of a democratic Polish state. The London government-in-exile has firmly said no to the Big Three and has received support from General Anders, commander of the Polish Army Corps which has fought with great distinction in Italy. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, former Premier and leader of the Peasant Party, after expressing general support of the Yalta statement, took exception to certain details in a letter addressed to the London *Daily Herald*. It is to be hoped that he will consent to go to Warsaw and work out the differences inside the government when it is enlarged to include "other democratic leaders from within Poland and abroad." Meanwhile, *Pravda* has lost no time in attacking Mikolajczyk and classing him with anti-Russian Premier Arciszewski. This is clearly unfair. In the next weeks, *Pravda* might well think twice before hurling "fascist" at anyone who dares touch the sacred ark of the Yalta covenant. In democratic practice, criticism of detail is not equivalent to rejection of principle. The elements of disastrous civil strife are still present in the Polish situation. Whether that strife can be avoided depends upon the maintenance of Allied unity and on the emergence of Polish leaders of sufficient vision to take full advantage of the Yalta proposals.

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WHAT IS TO BE THE ROLE OF SWEDEN IN THE final stages of the war? The Swedish press has been discussing this question, and the general conclusion appears to be that while Sweden should not actually enter the war, it should be prepared to intervene "so as to uphold order and save lives," as the conservative *Sydsvenska Dagbladet* of Malmoe puts it. This may seem a distinction without a difference, but what the Swedes appear to have in mind is the possibility that the north of Germany will be overrun and the Nazi garrisons in Denmark and Norway cut off from escape. The German military and civil leaders in these countries, together with the local quislings, knowing they could expect no mercy, would no doubt seek to fight to the bitter end: the Norwegian and Danish partisans, ill armed as they are, would certainly redouble their efforts to destroy their oppressors. Since the Western Allies are unlikely to have troops to spare for a relief expedition to the north, the result might well be a period of bloody and uneven guerrilla war in which many Norwegians and Danes would be massacred and their countries still more devastated. It is at this stage that the Swedes might undertake "police measures," for the purpose, as the liberal monthly *Nordens Frihet* says, "of preventing the Germans after their collapse from causing chaos and destruction." To this end, this magazine recommends that Sweden "immediately inquire of the Norwegian government and the Allied High Command how best she could coordinate her efforts with theirs in order to bring about as rapid and painless an end as possible to Norwegian slavery." Even the once pro-Nazi *Aftonbladet* suggests that "humanitarian obligations" may make Swedish intervention necessary. On these grounds it could hardly come soon enough, for the Norwegians are suffering bitterly from terror and starvation. Sweden's neutrality, whatever good arguments there may have been for preserving it, has not enhanced its moral prestige. Positive action, even at this eleventh hour, to succor its neighbors might do much to restore it.

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PROSPECTS FOR SETTLING CHINA'S INTERNAL conflict have again dimmed as a result of a virtual breakdown in Kuomintang-Communist negotiations. In an effort to place responsibility for the breakdown on the Communists, the Chungking government has issued an official statement declaring that the terms rejected by Yenan included (1) recognition of the Chinese Communist Party, (2) inclusion of a Communist official in the national military council, (3) inclusion of Communist and non-Kuomintang representa-

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tives in the Executive Yuan (the Chinese Cabinet), and (4) creation of a committee with an American as chairman to consider the reorganization of the Communist army. On the surface these terms appear to be extremely liberal and to approximate the kind of settlement which many Americans have long desired. But Chou En-lai, Yenan's representative in the negotiations, points out that there was a catch in each of Chungking's "concessions." For example, the offer to grant legal status to the Communist Party was made contingent on the surrender of the command of the Eighth Route Army to Kuomintang officers, while the inclusion of a Communist in the national military council was meaningless because that body had never met. Even membership in the Executive Yuan has little significance since the actual powers of government in China rest elsewhere. The crucial issue is whether the 500,000 or more men in the Eighth Route Army are to be equipped and utilized on the same basis as Kuomintang troops or absorbed and destroyed as the armies of Chang Hsueh-liang were destroyed after the Sian incident in 1936. Yenan is not unreasonable in asking that a true coalition government be established before it places its army under direct Chungking control.

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SIR WALTER CITRINE HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN as one of the more radical spirits in the British labor movement. Consequently, observers at the Blackpool meeting of the Trade Union Congress last October were rather mystified by the warmth of his entente with the Russian fraternal delegation there. He backed the program of the Anglo-Russian Trade Union Committee for a "hard peace" with great fervor, persuading the Congress to reverse its previous stand on this question, and acted in complete amity with the Russians in concerting plans for an all-inclusive United Nations trade union conference. Although this second step was bound to strain relations between the T. U. C. and the A. F. of L., which had bluntly refused any truck with a meeting that included either the C. I. O. or the Russian trade unions, Sir Walter did not flinch. That was four months ago: when the world conference actually convened on February 6, his ardor appeared to have cooled a little. On a number of minor questions he opposed Russian views and on the major question of future international organization of labor he seemed anxious to block any step which would torpedo the somewhat senile International Federation of Trade Unions. Since both the Russians and the C. I. O. are excluded from this body, they not unnaturally want an entirely new world organization. Sir Walter, however, defended the I. F. T. U. and even said a few kind words for the A. F. of L., with the result that the conference was somewhat confused. At any rate, it appears that the general secretary of the Trade Union Congress has swung back to his normal position right of center. This, no doubt, makes him more eligible for such whitewashing jobs as his mission to Greece on behalf of the British government.

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THE WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE INCIDENT acquires significance from the fact that in the oldest college of the South, founded in 1693, a student editor, with the support of a minority of the faculty and a majority of the student body, should have written an editorial suggesting that the time may come when Negroes will mingle freely with their fellows on that Virginia campus and even "marry among us." Newspaper accounts of the incident failed to recognize that while Miss Kaemmerle's editorial was more forthright than is usually the case, it was by no means an exceptional statement for a Southern campus publication. Not so long ago, for example, an editorial appeared in the student publication at Louisiana State University entitled White Supremacy Must Go. Of particular significance in the William and Mary case, however, is the fact that two Williamsburg clergymen, the Reverend Charles M. Pratt, Presbyterian minister, and the Reverend F. H. Craighill, of the local Episcopal church, promptly supported the students. In fact the Reverend Dr. Pratt proceeded to preach a sermon on racial equality. Student and campus organizations in all sections of the country have rallied to the support of the William and Mary contingent. In view of these circumstances it is disturbing but by no means surprising to note that Virginius Dabney wrote in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* that the editorial "has made sound and conservative progress toward better race relations more difficult." Miss Kaemmerle's editorial may well have made "sound and conservative progress" somewhat more difficult in the South; but that it represents progress can hardly be questioned. Not the least important aspect of the matter is that the appearance of such an editorial in a Southern campus publication has greatly encouraged advocates of racial equality in other sections of the country to believe that their point of view is not without support in the South. As one editorial expressed it, "it is as though a bridge had been thrown across a formidable stream while we slept." Bridges are being thrown across this stream every day—while the Southern "liberals" sleep. It is part of the irony of the situation that these liberals may some day rise from their slumbers only to discover that an important vanguard of Southern opinion has already crossed one or another of these bridges.

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NEW YORK STATE'S ANTI-DISCRIMINATION BILL has encountered bitter opposition, though the active support of all the Democratic members of the legislature has now been augmented by that of Governor Dewey and some of the Republican leaders. Although significant as a pioneer attempt to outlaw racial and religious discrimination by law, the bill is relatively a weak one. Unlike the Wicks bill of a year ago, it is limited to job discrimination. It declares that opportunity for employment without discrimination because of color or creed is a "civil right" and provides for the creation of a five-man commission to enforce that right. But no penalties can be imposed on an employer who violates that right until "conference, conciliation, and persuasion" have been tried and failed. Employers who refuse to yield to mediation face a maximum penalty of $500 fine or a year in jail. Opposition to the bill has come chiefly from business groups led by the state chamber of commerce, but also from the railroad unions. While no one has yet come forward in defense of discrimination as a principle, opponents insist that attempts to enforce an anti-discrimination policy by law will intensify racial hatred and friction and "make New York a less desirable place for business." Actually the bill

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not only subordinates penalties to conciliation but sets up elaborate machinery for education as a first defense against racial and religious bias. Experience in the field of labor relations has demonstrated that fair employment practices can be obtained by mediation and educational procedures only if there are legal penalties in the background. Without these legal sanctions, the rights of minorities cannot possibly be protected effectively.

*

ON A HOLIDAY THAT HAPPENS TO BE MONDAY as well, a newspaper turns up a wonderful collection of odd items. Lincoln's Birthday was particularly fruitful. We selected a few for our own wall newspaper:

MUSICAL EVENT: When a famous Scottish regiment opened up with bagpipes on the western front, a group of Germans, terrified, threw themselves on the mercy of the attackers and walked meekly to the prisoner cages.

EMPIRE STATISTICS: A British report "on the health of Indian Congress Party leaders" revealed that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, in prison since 1942, has lost nine pounds.

POST-WAR PLANNING: A C. B. S. correspondent reported from Stockholm that the German announcement of the execution and imprisonment of former party leaders in Bydgoszcz [Bromberg], Poland, was merely a cover for those men to join the organization that the Germans plan to use after the war.

CROP ESTIMATE: "U. S. Seeks Spain's Fruit for Allies."

G. I. HUMOR: A Russian who had been captured at Kharkov and taken to Germany, escaped in September and had been hiding for five months in a pile of grain when the Americans came. The men who found him said he was rolled up "in the shape of a foxhole." . . . "The Ledo stretch, from Ledo in Assam, India, through Myitkyina and Bhamo in Burma and thence to Wanting on the Burma Road in Yunnan Province, China, has been nicknamed 'Pick's Pike' after its builder, Brigadier General Lewis A. Pick, Corps of Engineers, United States Army."

*

HENRIETTA SZOLD'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE Zionist movement and to the Jewish people transcends the accomplishments of Hadassah during the past three decades. For the idealism with which her quiet personality inspired the organization she founded, both here and in Palestine, and the fruitfulness of her keen, patient mind have already become part of the Jewish culture and heritage. In the next issue of *The Nation,* Marvin Lowenthal will tell the significance of Miss Szold's career. Here we mark the passing of a distinguished woman, who has created a legend of devotion to a cause.

The Mexico Conference

THE Foreign Ministers' meeting which opened in Mexico this week may well prove more important than all previous Pan-American conferences. There are many political and economic problems concerning the transition from war to peace which require full and frank discussion between this country and its Latin American neighbors. Among the political issues, the primary one is to prevent fascism from entrenching itself in the Western Hemisphere after its defeat in Europe. Despite measures taken since Pearl Harbor to suppress espionage and enemy propaganda, the fact remains that on the eve of victory the Latin American countries like the United States have yet to rid themselves of Nazi agents. Two factors have contributed to this: Argentina's pro-fascist regime has converted that nation into a general headquarters for Nazi activity in America; while our friendship with Franco has resulted in his flooding Latin America with agents and with daily broadcasts designed to increase distrust of the United States and to sabotage inter-American solidarity.

Argentina and Franco Spain are, therefore, two topics which will provide abundant material for discussion at the Mexico conference. Several countries, notably Colombia, at first insisted that Argentina be invited. This did not imply friendship for the Farrell regime but rather the desire to have it appear before the other republics to answer the charges made against it. Washington, however, maintained that exclusion would constitute a more severe condemnation of Argentina's failure to support continental solidarity. But even in its absence the problems raised by the fascist position of the Argentine government will be thoroughly thrashed out. It is not likely that the Farrell-Perón attempt to change the atmosphere of the conference by suggesting the imminence of a declaration of war against Germany will fool anyone at this late date.

Various Latin American spokesmen have rightly maintained that the discussion of the case of Argentina will not dispose of the issue of Nazi penetration in America. We share their belief that the conference must also come to grips with the situation in Bolivia, Brazil, and all countries where dual attitudes exist, combining an official policy of cooperation with the United Nations with fascist methods and dreams of a totalitarian continent. They believe it a matter of special importance that the problem of putting an end to Falange activities be squarely faced. In the opinion of Latin Americans the only way of cutting off this evil at its source is to break relations with Franco.

Several delegations are planning to present resolutions asking for a break. The fact that this feeling is widespread is proved by the unanimity with which leaders of the political parties represented at the recent meeting called by President Grau San Martin in Havana requested that Cuba demand at Mexico collective rupture of diplomatic relations with Franco. When that happens our delegation will find itself in a most awkward position if at the same time the United States is busy concocting a new deal with Franco in order to provide supplies to UNRRA or for any other purpose.

The principal economic issue that the conference will have to consider is that of the transition from war to peacetime conditions, and it will have to develop a plan to meet this coming period of readjustment. United States resistance to the very idea of such a plan, especially among industrialists and business men, is well known. But in the opinion of outstanding Latin American experts, unless a plan is agreed to the process of transition is destined to create innumerable difficulties and much friction between the United States and Latin America. The problems are varied and difficult. Many Latin American countries fear that, once the war is over, we are going to pursue a policy of "dumping" cheap goods that will ruin their newly created industries, many of which were built up at our suggestion and with our help to serve wartime needs. Others fear that, due to pressure from farmers' groups, the United States will close its doors more firmly than before against Latin-American wheat and meat. The only way out is a plan that will place

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above the particular interests of any group the public interest of the United States and of the Latin American countries.

Americans will do well to follow what is happening in Mexico with close attention and to realize once and for all that Latin America is emerging from this war fully conscious of its rights and not in the least disposed to be satisfied with a few phrases about our generosity and the virtues of the Good Neighbor policy. The first requisite for this policy's success is that not only we, but also the Latin Americans believe in it.

Yalta and San Francisco

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT WOULD be fine if we could take the events of the past months and all the problems stretching from Yalta to San Francisco and beyond and remake them to suit our liberal notions of a good world. The editors of *The Nation,* all by themselves, could if they had the chance cook up a fine set of policies, a splendid collection of happenings. Here at home, for instance, we could at a blow wipe out isolationists and conservatives of both parties. Then, hastily reconstructing our foreign policy to insure the early victory of democratic forces everywhere, we would rewrite the Dumbarton Oaks proposals so as to create a world organization with political power and armed force and a procedure guaranteed to apply with swift certainty any measures necessary to keep the peace. England would have a left Labor government pledged to the orderly abolition of the colonial system and the establishment of friendly relations with new popular governments in Greece and Italy and Spain. Just as a beginning. And Russia, freed of its generation-old fears of capitalist-fascist coalitions, would abandon all unilateral security measures in full, warm-hearted acceptance of the new plans for collective security. As for China and Latin America. . . .

But what's the use? Nobody asked us to fix things; instead, we find ourselves faced with a world that is as it is: a pretty nearly Tory government in England mistakenly trying to shore up its slipping imperial structure by reactionary props at the weak spots; in America a State Department sunk in practices and attitudes obsolete even before fascism was invented and a public opinion heading in the general direction of world cooperation but held back by a heavy sea-anchor of isolationist suspicion; and a Russia determined to protect its bitterly won integrity and power by its own strength—at least until it is finally convinced that Munich is not only a dead city but a dead idea.

Already voices—honest ones—are questioning the Crimean agreement. It included good words about the extirpation of fascism everywhere: but Franco was not mentioned; and when Churchill stopped at Athens on the way home he patted Britain on the back for its share in leading Greece out of civil war. Is this the meaning of the pledge at Yalta—British tanks to establish Tory concepts of freedom? And Poland. Was the agreement about Poland anything more than unconditional surrender to Russia, a unilateral act draped in the language of collective decision? As for the modification of the Dumbarton Oaks decision, what did it amount to since, as far as the facts have been made known, any one of the inner council of major powers will still be able to veto decisions that involve the use of force?

Between now and the meeting at San Francisco lie nine weeks. In this time millions of words will be spoken about the hope of peace and the fate of democracy. But all will be wasted unless they emerge from a desire, stronger even than the desire for absolute justice, to preserve the union that was fortified by the decisions at Yalta. That coalition of force and agreement between the three chief fighting nations is the minimum necessary without which nothing at all will be possible—no post-war security organization, no economic understanding, no relief of starving and homeless people, no fair boundaries, no democracy anywhere, nothing but a horrible collapse into new oppressions, new terror, new wars.

The consolidation of effort effected at Yalta must not be chiseled away by talk which ignores or minimizes this inescapable fact.

The Nation has tried with stubborn persistence to prove the indivisible nature of this war. We believe today as we did in 1936 that the fascist revolution can only be defeated when the nations are ready to fight it by revolutionary means. When Churchill makes deals with the House of Savoy in Italy and the State Department throws its support to a fascist dictatorship in Bolivia or even El Salvador, the progress of the war as a whole receives a setback. But we have never given a moment's countenance to the theory that the failure of the Allied powers to support the democratic cause in Italy or El Salvador exempted us from supporting the Allied cause in the war.

This does not mean that we should censor our views on the sort of world that is necessary if peace is to last. Just as the coalition for war has been weakened and its progress hampered by the political mistakes that have cluttered every inch of the road toward victory, so the coalition for peace will be badly impeded if those mistakes continue. The decisions taken at Yalta marked an enormous political step forward; I believe that even the Polish settlement, so galling to many liberals, was a pretty decent compromise. But wherever one looks one sees the debris of Allied political policy piled like the rubble of shell-torn masonry across the map of Europe. Far from believing that the need of inter-Allied unity dictates silence about these mistakes, I consider it necessary that we work harder than ever to clear them out.

To support intelligently the decisions of Yalta, to make fruitful the meeting at San Francisco, we must do our utmost to force a democratic policy toward Europe. Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues will never make good the promises implicit in the Crimea pronouncement by working through the Comité des Forges or the House of Savoy or a Spanish Bourbon prince or through the remnants of the German cartels. Those instruments are not only anachronistic and out of date; they are dangerous, as an obsolete fighting plane is dangerous. The movement of opinion in Europe, as Harry Hopkins told a surprised audience in Rome, is toward the left. A solid peace cannot be made by opposing that inevitable tendency. The success of the Allied coalition will depend upon its ability to work along with the forces that have proved their strength and their tough dependability during these bitter years of resistance.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

THE daring and sustained attack on Tokyo by carrier-based aircraft opens a new and decisive phase of the Pacific war. The immediate conclusion to be drawn from the event is that an invasion of the Japanese home islands is not only possible but probable without a previous landing on the China coast.

Great as the potentialities are, the performance itself and its immediate consequences are thrilling and grandiose enough. The task group which paraded up and down only three hundred miles off the coast of Honshu stretched out two hundred miles over the sea. The size of Admiral Mitscher's force—our old friend Task Force 58—may be judged from the reports of Superfortress pilots who were over Tokyo on the first day of the attack: they estimated that 1,200 carrier-based planes were in the air at one time. Essex-class carriers—the big ones—carry about 90 aircraft; CVE's—"baby flat-tops"—about 36. However you divide 90 and 36 into 1,200, this means a lot of carriers.

Airfields in the Tokyo area apparently suffered heavily, with the American fighters going in low and fast to strafe parked Japanese planes, hangars, ammunition buildings, and supply dumps. The carriers also launch dive-bombers, which can attack airfield installations, factories in the industrial area, docks and shipping in the big harbor. Torpedo bombers are used against shipping or as though they were bombers against ground installations. These three prime weapons make an extraordinarily versatile and flexible team for destruction. The high degree of concentration which is possible in attacks of this kind tends to saturate the enemy's defenses, especially in anti-aircraft batteries; and the carefully timed schedule for bringing planes in over a period of hours tends even more strongly to exhaust the defenders and to compound the difficulties of keeping interceptors aloft and ground fires under control.

Mitscher's carriers, his striking weapons, are well protected by battleships and the other components of a screening force—cruisers, destroyers, destroyer escorts. Effective reconnaissance of the surrounding waters is provided by wide-ranging navy patrol planes and by outlying submarines—tentacles through which no sizable enemy force has much chance of slipping undetected. If such a force should come, we have the word of an official navy spokesman in Washington that Mitscher's force alone is stronger than the entire Japanese navy—that once-mighty fleet which now, to American naval men, is nothing more than "a good-sized task force." This is true despite the fact that all the Japanese ships damaged in the Battle for Leyte Gulf (the second battle of the Philippines) in October have now been repaired. The rising sun has sunk pretty low—not simply through the destruction of so many combat ships in the two battles of the Philippines Sea, but primarily through the astonishing growth of the United States navy. Those low and vulgar fellows the shipyard workers, so often berated for accepting the high war-time wages offered them, might well be given a rising vote of thanks for the tremendous job of construction they have performed.

That construction job means that while Mitscher's fliers are belaboring the whole Tokyo area and his surface-ship men are ready to take on the entire Japanese navy, other ships of Admiral Spruance's Fifth Fleet can bombard Iwo Jima, while ships of the Seventh Fleet cover the army's landing on Bataan. (Spruance's command is designated the Fifth Fleet, Halsey's the Third Fleet; Mitscher's task force is under them alternately.) Hard fighting and a lot of mopping-up still remain to be done on Luzon, and in Manila itself, two weeks after General MacArthur announced the liberation of the city. But already the center of gravity of the Pacific war has moved north and east—back toward Pearl Harbor, by a twist of geography and strategy—to the Volcano Islands. Here Admiral Blandy's task force has been bombarding, after more than seventy consecutive days of air attacks on the same target. Here also is where some of the bloodiest fighting of the Pacific will take place, now that the invasion troops have gone ashore to wrest a fine prize from the enemy.

Iwo Jima is nothing but a concentration of military strength, of enormous value to whoever holds it. From it the Japanese have been able to detect and intercept our Superfortress flights from Saipan and from Tinian, now revealed to be the site of the world's largest airdrome. From it the United States Army Air Forces can bring Japan's war industries under daily attack. The 1,500-mile round-trip flight to Tokyo can be made comfortably not only by what General Arnold likes to call "the last of the small heavy bombers" (Liberators) but by regular medium bombers such as the Mitchell, and especially by long-range fighters. One can safely predict a pattern of aerial bombing over Honshu which will interrelate the missions of very heavy, heavy, and medium bombers, all of them escorted by fighters (Marianas-based Superfortresses will rendezvous with fighters from Iwo Jima en route).

The dispersal of Japanese industry, aircraft industry in particular, has already begun. The landing in the Volcanos will undoubtedly hasten the work. The enemy is still able to produce about 1,500 aircraft a month, more than we are currently destroying: so the situation now becomes a race for time, with the Japanese trying to break down their production into sub-assemblies and the Americans trying to get Iwo Jima's airstrips into operation in time to prevent this.

Tokyo Radio said last week that the United States is trying to destroy the Japanese air force. The naval spokesman in Washington said the enemy might be correct in that surmise. This makes it unanimous.

These developments indicate a gratifying speed-up in the Pacific war. Mitscher's insolent pee-rade off Tokyo demonstrates the extent to which the Pacific fleet has won control of the western Pacific: we now actually have freedom of

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movement right to Japan's front door. Provided we continue to send out such large numbers of ships, it is hard to see what will tempt the Japanese fleet into action. It has no real hope of inflicting damage serious enough to cripple our moves: even after a fleet engagement in which we traded losses ship for ship, our Pacific fleet would still be the strongest in the world. Some sort of *banzai* sally is probably to be expected, but it can have no strategic significance.

The difficult and bloody months ahead should see the transformation of the Volcanos from a Japanese bastion to an American springboard. Off the springboard lie the Bonins, even closer to Tokyo; and then Honshu itself.

The Pell Affair

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 18

I POINTED out in last week's letter that the one disappointment in the Crimea communiqué was the failure of the Big Three to agree on joint action for the punishment of war criminals. There are obstacles to effective action in this field. One is the British Foreign Office, and the other is the American State Department. There are three reasons why progressive and labor pressure ought to be brought to bear against these obstacles. One is that the lives of several million prisoners of war and slave workers in the Reich may be endangered if the Nazis are led to believe that the British and American governments will be half-hearted in dealing with war criminals. The slaughter of slave workers, perhaps also of war prisoners, in the final hours before the Reich's fall would fit in with German plans to kill off as many of the non-German peoples of Europe as possible in preparation for a third attempt at world conquest. The second reason for acting quickly and effectively to punish Nazi war criminals is that we can thereby eliminate many of the party stalwarts who intend to go underground and prepare for the next war. The third reason is that the best way to lay the foundations for world security is to punish those responsible for the war and for the crimes committed in it.

The focus of progressive and labor pressure might well be the curious case of Herbert C. Pell, who was the American representative on the United Nations War Crimes Commission in London. Pell's return to London would be a victory for common sense and human decency. Pell was a Bull Moose Republican in 1912, later becoming a Democrat. He served a term in Congress after the last war, served as chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee from 1921 to 1926, and was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1936. In 1937 he was appointed Minister to Portugal and in 1941 to Hungary. He seems to be a man of considerable wealth and culture, and seven years in the foreign service have failed to harden his spiritual arteries. He was one of the few men in the service who was sympathetic to Jewish and other refugees, and it is quite clear he is not in agreement with the ultra-legalistic Nervous Nellies who seem to dominate interpretation of international law at the State Department and the British Foreign Office. Sir Cecil Hurst and Pell were the leading figures on the War Crimes Commission, and both were for effective action to punish war criminals. Sir Cecil resigned in disgust with the attitude of the Foreign Office. What happened to Pell is still something of a mystery.

There are, roughly speaking, three kinds of war crimes. In the first category are crimes against the civilians or captured soldiers of the United Nations; the men accused of these crimes are to be returned for trial to the country against whose nationals the crimes were committed. This category is the simplest from the standpoint of law and procedure, though British and American international lawyers may be counted on to mess it up with multitudinous technicalities. In the second category are the deeds of Axis higher-ups responsible for the policies of mass murder, looting, prostitution, and moral corruption applied in occupied countries as part of the German and Japanese war programs. For these criminals, whose crimes were not limited to any one country, special courts and special procedure will be required. The third category, the most difficult from a conventional legal point of view, is made up of crimes committed by the Nazis and German nationals on account of race, creed, or politics. The Foreign Office and State Department seem to be still in a dither on the second and third categories. Pell, like Sir Cecil and unlike many of the legalists, was for punishment of both these categories and returned here in December for further instructions.

As the American representative on the United Nations War Crimes Commission Pell was a Presidential and not a State Department appointee. He saw the President at the White House on the morning of January 9. He found Mr. Roosevelt in agreement with his views. Pell was encouraged and went to the State Department on the afternoon of that same day to pay his respects to Secretary of State Stettinius before returning to London. Stettinius told Pell he could not return to London because Congress had failed to make an appropriation to cover his salary and expenses. When Pell offered to pay his own way and serve without charge, he was told this would be illegal. The expenses of participation in the United Nations War Crimes Commission had been paid out of the President's emergency fund, but under the Russell amendment to the 1944 Appropriation Act Congressional authorization is required for such payments and activities. An authorization of $30,000 asked for the first half of this year had been refused by the House Appropriations Committee, approved by the Senate Appropriations Committee, and then eliminated in conference committee.

It seems strange that so small an item would create such difficulties. A minor State Department official testified before the House committee; Stettinius himself sent a letter to the Senate committee. Could it be that some State Department

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official privately egged the House committee on to kill this item? Such things happen in Washington. The conference committee eliminated the $30,000 item on December 16. Pell saw the President on January 9; neither knew at the time that the item had been eliminated. Why weren't the President and Pell informed earlier? The State Department interprets the Russell amendment as meaning that where Congress fails to provide an appropriation it automatically withdraws authorization for the activity which would be financed by that appropriation. But if this is the correct interpretation, why did Acting Secretary Grew announce on January 26 that the United States would be represented on the War Crimes Commission by Pell's former deputy, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph V. Hodgson, former Attorney General of Hawaii?

If Pell's elimination is merely due to Congressional action and not to State Department hostility, why did Grew decline to answer when asked whether Pell would return to London if Congress reconsidered and made the $30,000 available? Finally, I would like to note that Chairman Anderson of the House committee says he was under the impression that the State Department did not need the $30,000 but had enough to carry on until the fiscal year beginning July 1. Where did he get that impression? The chairman indicated that he would take a favorable attitude toward a request for a deficiency appropriation in the pending deficiency bill. But though other deficiency items from the State Department were sent to the committee ten days ago, the $30,000 item was not among them. The department blames the Bureau of the Budget. There is something fishy here.

"There will be no diminution," Grew said augustly in the Pell announcement on January 26, "in the interest or activity of this government in the general subject of the punishment of war criminals." Would the editors of *The Nation* (page the shade of Godkin) permit me less augustly to say "horse feathers"? Pell had been back from London almost two months at the time that statement was made; yet the department hadn't been interested enough to arrange a conference at which Pell and Roosevelt would have a chance to discuss Pell's experience and problems in London with legal and other officers of the department. Nor was Pell given a chance to discuss them with Stettinius or Grew. Grew is the main source of our tender concern for Hirohito, and the State Department's international lawyers live in the shadow of the late James Brown Scott, who joined with the Japanese at the Versailles conference to help save the Kaiser and other heads of state from responsibility for war crimes. These departmental lawyers are more concerned with the hallowed antiquarianisms of academic international law than with punishing war criminals. International law today, like the common law and equity in the past, calls for robust and creative minds with enough faith in themselves to adapt past concepts to new needs. There is little evidence of either quality in the State Department. In London I am sure many Tories fear war-crime trials; were Hess or Ribbentrop to take the stand in his own defense, either might involve a good many members of the British aristocracy. There is also an undercurrent of Anglo-American upper-class hostility to the trial of war criminals; once begun, it would be almost impossible to protect financial and business opposite numbers in the Axis countries from punishment. There is a subtle international solidarity here that is not the least of the obstacles to just punishment of Axis murderers and the men who profited by Axis crimes.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

A NEGRO, Mr. Revels, has been elected Senator from Mississippi, and is awaiting the admission of the state to take his seat. . . . There is a touch of the comic in Mr. Revels's being the successor of Jefferson Davis.—*February 3, 1870.*

SALNAVE, the Haitian political chief, has just died what may be called the natural death of noted Spanish American politicians . . . for he was shot the other day by a file of soldiers.—*February 3, 1870.*

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT—which provides that "the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and that "Congress shall have power to enforce this prohibition by appropriate legislation"—has received the ratification of the requisite number of states.—*February 10, 1870.*

WHETHER THE PRESIDENT [Grant] and his Cabinet are so incompetent as Congress seems to think, is a point we will not discuss. Like Horace Walpole, we wonder whether, after all, there may not be a vast deal of cleverness in getting along at all without brains. But, whatever may be the capacity of the present executive officers, it is quite certain that the House of Representatives is not so overstocked with genius as to be able to look down from any lofty height upon them.—*February 10, 1870.*

ONE OF THE MOST promising signs in the Reconstruction process is an interchange of amenities which lately took place in the United States District Court at Richmond between Judge Underwood and Mr. Henry A. Wise, sometime Governor and more recently rebel general, who appeared as counsel at the bar in an action for damages. . . . The lawyers were somewhat astonished by it, and no wonder, considering the cold, heartless character which legal proceedings have hitherto had. We look forward to see the day when the tedium of every trial will be lightened by instrumental music, an occasional song or anecdote from the bench, and perhaps readings or recitations now and then from female members of the bar, and the introduction of a baby or two to be passed around toward lunch-time.—*February 17, 1870.* [Ed. Note: Henry A. Wise was the Governor of Virginia who refused to reprieve John Brown.]

AFTER STRENUOUS DEBATE, when debate was surely superfluous, the bill to admit Mississippi was passed on Thursday by the Senate, as it came from the House, by a vote of fifty to eleven.—*February 24, 1870.*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH: William Morris, "The Earthly Paradise, Part III"; Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "The Holy Grail, and Other Poems."

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The Legal Case Against Hitler

BY RAPHAEL LEMKIN

I

INTERNATIONAL law is a body of flexible and uncodified rules of behavior among nations, based upon precedents, customs, treaties, and ethical concepts (laws of humanity). A comparatively new phenomenon in world history, it arose from the enlarged recognition of the need of civilized and sovereign states to live in harmony and justice with one another. The evolution of international law presupposed that states would protect individuals on the basis of acceptable moral standards. The repugnant philosophy of National Socialism has repudiated that implicit responsibility, and it is now necessary for the moral and social health of the civilized community that international law enforce concepts already existing in law and morality. Murder, enforced prostitution, and theft are crimes.

THE EX POST FACTO ARGUMENT

One of the legalistic arguments used against trying Hitler and his associates for war crimes and crimes against humanity is that international law has not provided sufficient procedures and definitions for this purpose. It is suggested that if such machinery should be provided now, it would constitute *ex post facto* law, and therefore it would be contrary to all legal principles. The principle of *ex post facto* in criminal law tends to protect the individual's liberty. A person should not be oppressed by the state when he commits an act which seems to him fair and decent and which becomes a crime only through subsequent legislation. Is that the case in the matter we are discussing? Murders and atrocities as such were prohibited also in Germany. Hitler simply exempted his henchmen and himself of responsibility for such crimes. Is the restoration of such responsibility for crime an *ex post facto* law? Is it a destruction of the guaranties of individual liberty? Do we not adhere to the principle that no liberty can justify crime, oppression, and cruelty? The interpretation of law must have a social and human meaning; otherwise it overrules itself intellectually—it destroys the very foundations of its own existence. Therefore the necessary formulation of international procedures based on preexisting conceptions of right and wrong cannot be interpreted as *ex post facto* law. Legal technicalities and niceties in international law have been and must continue to be subordinate to the basic principles of human conscience and responsibility. International law should be an instrument for human progress and justice, not an obstacle to them.

When any unprecedented situation in international relations occurs, a parallel necessity for enlarging the scope of international law is presented. After the signing of the Briand-Kellogg pact Secretary Stimson urged the lawyers to work on the implementation of this great international act outlawing war. Unfortunately, not much was done. There is now again an opportunity to enlarge and implement international law. Shall we fail again?

HITLER: HEAD OF STATE AND COMMON CRIMINAL

The argument most frequently invoked and superficially most impressive is that Adolf Hitler has acted in the name of a sovereign state as the head of that state, and that he is thereby relieved of individual responsibility. The immunity of heads of states is based upon international comity and courtesy, and presupposes mutual acceptance. It also presupposes that the head of a state will exercise his powers within the normal framework of civilized society. If we admit that by assuming the immunity habitually accorded heads of states Hitler, or any person, may commit acts which for others are considered crimes, we undermine the very foundations of our society. If, moreover, a sovereign seeks office with a program of crimes against humanity, then his office and his functions become a danger to international life and preclude him from enjoying the privileges granted by the comity of nations. International courtesy cannot go so far as to permit freely the murder of other nations. We should not overlook the fact that in the final analysis what Hitler was advocating in "Mein Kampf" was the destruction of whole nations and peoples. Many authorities on international law also suggest that a head of a state does not continue to enjoy immunity after he has been deposed from office.

Hitler has himself proclaimed his personal responsibility for his program, its enforcement and its authority. By his own declaration, he was the source of the policies of mass execution, starvation through racial discrimination, separation of families, forced labor and slavery, not simply as a necessity of war but primarily as the expression of his mystical vision of the German super-race. The military commanders and the Reich commissioners in the occupied countries were made directly responsible to him, which indicates the importance Hitler attached to the administration of these countries and the extent of his personal responsibility therefor.

Hitler acted with premeditation and deliberation in every one of the crimes that he instigated. He is guilty of organizing murder and torture, prostitution of women, abduction of children, blackmail, pillage, extortion, arson, receiving stolen goods, and false imprisonment. He revived slavery in the technical legal sense, as prohibited by international law. A decree which was promulgated in Riga on March 19, 1942, read:

> Section 1. The Jews themselves shall not receive any wages.
>
> Section 2 (1). Employers of Jewish labor shall pay a fee to the Financial Department of the competent District Commissioner, which shall be in accordance with established wage rates. . . .

The effect of such a decree is to make, legally, chattels of human beings. The Jews were put in the same category as work animals, whose owners—the German state—have the

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sole right to compensation. One should not overlook the fact that slavery is expressly recognized by international law as a specific international crime and that jurisdiction for the trial and punishment of such crime is available before the courts of the nation in which the person accused is apprehended.

Traffic in women, which Hitler fostered for the use of his armies, is also a specific international crime with admissible jurisdiction before courts of other countries.

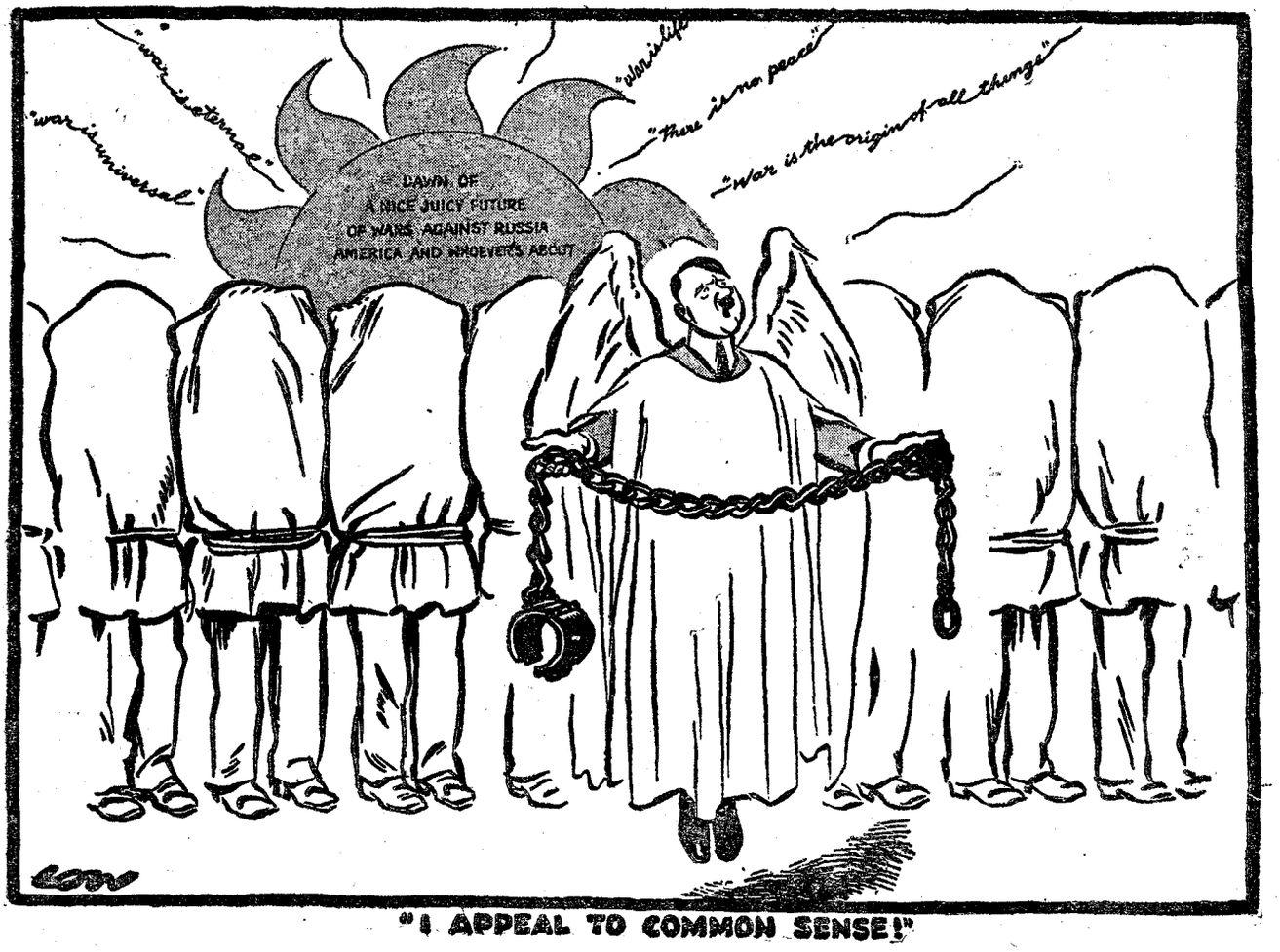
It is recognized in international law that if a criminal, acting from political motives, commits a crime of an especially heinous character, he cannot claim the privilege of being a political criminal. Hitler must therefore be considered a common criminal. When one man is murdered, it is murder. We cannot accept the proposition that organizing the murder of millions is less than murder.

THE PLEAS OF SUPERIOR ORDERS AND ACTS OF STATE

The crimes of Hitler's associates will probably be defended on the pleas of superior orders and the carrying out of acts of state. A subordinate who carries out the orders of his superior in command may plead that the responsibility for his act cannot rest with him but with the person who issued the order. In German military law this plea is not accepted as an absolute defense. Even within the terms of their own law, members of the German military forces cannot successfully invoke such a plea.

The greatest and most atrocious crimes, however, have been committed by the S. S. and the Gestapo. The special character of these organizations precludes their members from invoking the plea of superior orders. The purposes of the S. S. and the Gestapo were understood by all Germans. They are organizations dedicated to murder, loot, and torture, outside of any civilized legal order. Enlistment was voluntary, and even if the volunteer was naive before his enlistment, the extended probationary and training period made inescapably clear the criminal character of the duties he undertook to perform. Persons professionally engaged in crime cannot defend themselves by pretending to have acted under legal compulsion.

All Hitler's associates will probably also use, in their defense, the argument that their deeds were acts of the German state. In international relations it has been an accepted principle that a person acting in the name of his state and with the authority of that state is responsible for such acts only before the courts of his own state, not before the courts of other states. This defense is inapplicable to Hitler's associates in relation to the crimes they committed while in office. To begin with, the state, as a legal entity, cannot be held criminally liable, and can offer only civil satisfaction. Crime is individual and personal. The exclusive responsibility of the state for its servants before international law can be admitted only if there are substantial grounds for trusting that the state will act in good faith against the criminal involved. It is obvious that these grounds will not exist in



"I APPEAL TO COMMON SENSE!"

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Germany. Even in the democratic Germany that emerged from the last war, before the judiciary was corrupted by Nazism, the war-crime trials were farcical.

These genuine technical and political considerations are conclusive. But even more fundamental is the fact that by accepting such a plea we should recognize the implied principle that a state can sanction crime. No civilized order can admit this principle without destroying the very basis of organized society.

[*In a second article Dr. Lemkin will take up the question of crimes committed inside Germany against German citizens and of the judicial or political machinery to be applied.*]

Wise Up, Civilian!

BY ROBERT FLEISHER

On the Italian Front

ABOUT one month after the assault on the Gothic Line began, a soldier at the front received a letter from his wife. It had been a month of bitter fighting under the worst possible conditions of weather and terrain. We had suffered during that month some of our highest casualties. "Listen to this," the soldier said. "Listen to what my wife writes: 'I am so glad you are in Italy instead of in France where all the fighting is.' "

The general laughter which followed was the loud, spontaneous laughter of the doughboy who has never really lost his sense of humor, but there was an undertone of bitterness in it that was not pleasant to hear. The soldier's letter might have been from a stranger.

Of course there has never been a war when a certain cleavage did not exist between service men and civilians. The division is the natural result of two completely different ways of life which produce a corresponding difference in outlook and perspective. But with millions of soldiers going into their second or third year overseas, the cleavage today is more pronounced and dangerous than ever before.

Any discussion of this phenomenon from the G. I. point of view must necessarily deal with specific gripes rather than with largely unavoidable contributing factors. No one can do anything about the natural resentment of the soldier who feels that others are making less of a sacrifice than he. It is this feeling that leads the rifleman to resent the company clerk, the company clerk to resent battalion headquarters, battalion headquarters to resent the base sections, and so on down the line until the whole army resents the civilian. And it is equally futile to try to stem the general weakening of even the closest ties with home caused by the long separation and a dozen other factors.

What the doughboy is specifically concerned with is the war-time mood of America as it reaches him through the motion picture, the radio, the press, and letters from friends and family. What is the country thinking about the war and about him; what can he expect in the future? In the absence of personal contacts over a long period of time, the soldier tends to rely on public forms of expression in feeling his country's pulse. And it is unfortunate that the same media which once presented America to the rest of the world as a country filled with cowboys, gangsters, and emotionally adolescent millionaires today present America to its soldiers overseas as a country filled with thoughtless, uncomprehending, still emotionally adolescent people who don't understand either them or the war and who don't seem to be bothered by it.

The man at the front is much too deep in misery, in death and blood and burned-out youth, to be dispassionate about any aspect of the war. And whether or not he is getting a true picture of home-front attitudes, he reacts bitterly to evidences of misunderstanding and ulterior motives. He hates his life, but he wants people to understand it. His war is the war around his hole. If he has a quiet day and comes through unhurt, then it's a good war. But if he catches hell and his buddy is blown up by a mine, then it's been tough, even though the day's activities may rate only an "all quiet" paragraph in American newspapers.

It doesn't help his frame of mind to learn that Hollywood, Crispy Crackers, and the Stitchless Sewing Machine Company are, by their own admission, making every sacrifice for victory. Too many people, he feels, are slapping each other, and themselves, on the back for the fine job they are doing, while nobody takes the trouble to learn what he is up against. It may be a selfish attitude, but he knows that his is the greater sacrifice, and recognition and true understanding are among his few rewards.

I once heard a soldier say with great bitterness after viewing a particularly bad war movie, "They make us look like fools. What do they think we're doing over here anyway?" It is typical of the motion-picture industry as a whole that it maintains an expensive research staff to be certain that the medals on King Henry's chest are the correct number of inches from his lapel, yet makes no effort to attain more than fleeting moments of accuracy in filming modern war scenes. And boundless is the soldier's irritation at the steady stream of "look what we are doing for the boys at the front" pictures.

Aside from his natural annoyance at being portrayed in a false light, the G. I. is upset by the thought that the people back home, his family and friends, accept these inaccuracies as gospel. A soldier does not go into battle wearing his ribbons, with his helmet strap buckled under his clean-shaven chin, and with a glory-bound look on his face. He does not stand formations and salute his officers under the eyes of the enemy. Above all, he does not say the things or think the thoughts which seem the stock in trade of Hollywood's war-time movies. The G. I. is firmly convinced that the whole country has these misconceptions. "That is what they are told and that is what they believe." When he says, "They don't know there is a war on," he means that civil-

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ians would rather believe the popular fables of the day than suffer the jolt of learning the real thing.

To a lesser extent radio programs and magazine articles, with the accompanying advertisements, are causing the same type of resentment here. Most of our radio programs are non-commercial rebroadcasts, and many magazines have overseas editions stripped of all advertising, but regular editions also find their way here and are so widely passed around that soldiers become familiar with the general character of their contents. In magazines the G. I. is interested primarily in things which pertain directly to him as a soldier —fiction in which the main characters are soldiers, articles about the army or about the soldier and the war. But he is embittered and frustrated by what he reads. Popular magazine war fiction, frankly escapist in nature and meant for home consumption, is no longer wanted even in places where reading matter of any kind is at a premium. The physically miserable and spiritually exhausted doughboy cannot stomach the wonderful life of the fiction soldier with his opportune furloughs to marry the heroine and his experiences that could never happen to a combat infantryman.

Even more antagonizing are the run-of-the-mill war-effort advertisements. The doughboy is proud of his equipment. He recognizes the production miracle which has provided the arms for him and the soldiers of a dozen other nations. But he has little sympathy with companies which feel it necessary to spend thousands of dollars a month to tell the world that their contributions are the backbone of every fight, that they too are making sacrifices, and that they will continue to make sacrifices until the war is over. And when soldiers themselves appear in the advertisement as part of the text or art work, the G. I. looks in vain for a shred of similarity between him and "those guys."

He has read, recently, of American business men who sought transportation to Belgium a few days after Brussels fell, to "look after their business interests." He has read of Paris importers eager to open shop at once. It is hardly necessary to report how this affects the fighting infantryman, who takes out his disgust on the home front in general.

Finally, there are all the miscellaneous bits of information which reach the front-line soldier through his hometown newspapers and service publications. There are the stories of a town in Texas passing the hat so that General Patton may have a thousand-dollar bill to wave in Berlin, of the Sinatra "riots," of dances for prisoners of war. Tales like these come in every week and damage the solidarity between home front and fighting man.

Accounts of the coddling of German prisoners of war have by this time been pretty well discredited. Just how they started and how they reached the men overseas is not quite clear, but they did reach them and were believed, and that drove another wedge into the soldier-civilian gap. The denials, when they were forthcoming, were not nearly so well circulated as the original stories.

And now the doughboy reads of the elaborate preparations being made at home for the celebration of victory in Europe —of barbers planning to leave their lathered customers in their chairs, of storekeepers preparing to board up windows, of arguments over whether liquor stores should or should not stay open. I don't know how the soldiers in the Apennines will react the day Germany capitulates. They will be happy, of course, but I rather imagine there will be a note of dignity in their rejoicing, a quiet thankfulness for themselves and regret for their friends who aren't there. These men aren't sure how people figure it back home, but as far as they are concerned there is always the Pacific.

Racial Dialectic: Missouri Style

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

IN December, 1938, the United States Supreme Court ruled that Missouri must either admit Lloyd Gaines, a Negro, to the law school of the University of Missouri or provide, within the state, educational facilities equal in every respect to those available at the state university. The state court made a similar ruling in 1940 on the application of Lucille Bluford to attend the school of journalism at the University of Missouri.

The implications of the two decisions not only for the border state of Missouri but for the entire South were immediately recognized. The leading Southern newspapers expressed the view that there was no point in trying to evade them and that "skeleton graduate courses" for Negroes would eventually have to be established in all state universities. "Time," said the Raleigh, Missouri, *News-Observer*, "has moved under our feet."

The smallest law school in the world is now functioning at 4300 Ferdinand Street, in the heart of the Negro district of St. Louis. It is the law school which Lincoln University, the state-supported Negro university, set up in 1939 in response to the mandate of the Supreme Court in the Gaines case. Seven students are enrolled—four in the first year, three in the senior year. The all-Negro faculty consists of three full-time instructors, one part-time instructor, and a librarian; there is also a clerical and secretarial staff. The school is housed in a building that would accommodate six or seven hundred students. Enrolment cannot be increased by the admission of white students, for this would be contrary to existing constitutional and statutory provisions, and it is doubtful whether even Japanese American evacuees from the West Coast could be admitted if any applied. Four of the present students are from St. Louis, one from the District of Columbia, one from South Carolina, and one from Louisiana.

In part the low attendance is due to the war, for thirty-four students were enrolled in 1939 and thirty in 1940, 1941, and 1942. The school was closed in 1943 for lack of "properly accredited" students—it is rumored that the

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failure to approve the credentials of applicants that year was part of a scheme to close the school altogether. There are only two Negro law schools in the country, the other being at Howard University, and Negro students throughout the South have written to Lincoln expressing an interest in attending the law school after the war. A number of Negro soldiers have also indicated their desire to enrol.

It is possible, therefore, that the law school may later become largely self-supporting. To the extent that it does, however, the principle of segregation will become more firmly established. For as the institution and its faculty expand, a new set of vested interests will be created. At present it costs the state more than $2,500 per year, per pupil, to maintain this Jim Crow institution, while the cost of sending students through the regular law school at the University of Missouri is but a fraction of this amount. Credit must be given the state for its compliance with the letter, if not the spirit, of the decision in the Gaines case. The law school is a first-rate institution. It has been approved by the Missouri Board of Bar Examiners and by the Association of American Law Schools. It boasts a law library of 31,000 volumes, one of the three largest law-school libraries in the South; its instructors are thoroughly competent, and its graduates have been readily admitted to the bar.

On the campus of Lincoln University at Jefferson City may be found the nation's most unique school of journalism, created in response to the decision in the Bluford case. Again the state has technically complied with the law. The school is housed in an attractive building; it has a workable library; it receives a large number of newspapers; it has a good print shop; the faculty is excellent; and the students get practical experience in editing a weekly newspaper. When it was first established, the faculty of the school of journalism of the state university at Columbia motored over to Lincoln three times a week to conduct classes, but the school now has a resident, full-time all-Negro faculty. About twelve students are enrolled. I visited a classroom large enough for forty or fifty students in which an instructor sat behind a desk with one student in front of him. It is possible that Negro students in the law and journalism schools are actually getting better instruction—certainly more individual attention—than they would at Columbia. The loneliness, however, for faculty and students, must be acute at times.

It is interesting to note that this ridiculous situation is not looked on with approval by the students at the University of Missouri. When the Lincoln Law School was opened in 1939, white students from Eden Seminary (Washington University) and from the state university established a picket line around the premises and carried placards with such inscriptions as "Old Jim Crow Is Dead" and "Smoke in St. Louis Is Bad—Prejudice Is Worse." In a poll taken at the University of Missouri last spring 60 per cent of the students favored the admission of Negroes to all divisions of the university and 70 per cent favored their admission to the professional schools. When the University of Missouri and the University of Iowa debated the question "Should Negroes be admitted to the state universities?" Missouri upheld the negative with some reluctance. After the debate a vote was taken among the students present. The result was 216 for the affirmative, 93 opposed.

Recently a delegation of white girls from the University of Missouri appeared on the campus of Lincoln University to interview some of the Negro girls. They asked three questions: (1) Would you be interested in attending the Missouri University School of Journalism if Negroes were admitted? (2) Would you expect to live in the same dormitories and belong to the same sororities? (3) Would you expect to date the white fellows on the campus? To each of these questions they received emphatic affirmative answers. The curious young ladies from Columbia seemed not merely satisfied but actually pleased by the answers. One of the delegates, a Jewish girl, said that the answers to the second and third questions had given her some new ideas.

The Missouri pattern of race relations was further complicated when St. Louis University decided last spring to open all its courses to Negro students. At present seventy-seven Negroes are in attendance. Contrary to the predictions of disaster, the non-Negro enrolment, despite the war, has increased 17 per cent since Negroes were admitted; the enrolment of white women has increased from 2,122 to 2,656. There has been no trouble in classrooms or on the campus, and white parents have withdrawn neither their children nor their financial support.

An interesting story lies behind the opening of St. Louis University to Negroes. Over a year ago, in the face of opposition from the hierarchy, notably from the Archbishop of St. Louis, some of the Jesuit instructors at the university began a campaign to force the admission of Negroes. Their efforts reached a climax in February, 1944, when Father Claude H. Heithaus, assistant professor of classical archaeology, delivered a militant sermon on race prejudice at the students' mass in University Church. "Ignorance," he said, "is the school of race prejudice, and provincialism is its tutor. Its memory is stuffed with lies and its mind is warped by emotionalism. Pride is its book and snobbery is its pen. All the hatreds and fears, all the cruelties and prejudices, of childhood are perpetuated by it. It blinds the intellect and it hardens the heart. Its wisdom is wonderful and fearful; for it never learns what is true, and it never forgets what is false." At the close of this memorable sermon—which should be required reading for all Catholics—Father Heithaus made a dramatic appeal to the students. "For the wrongs that have been done to the Mystical Body of Christ through the wronging of its colored members, we owe the suffering Christ an act of public reparation. Let us make it now. Will you please rise? Now repeat this prayer after me. 'Lord Jesus, we are sorry and ashamed for all the wrongs that white men have done to Your colored children. We are firmly resolved never again to have any part in them, and to do everything in our power to prevent them. Amen.'" The entire congregation rose in response to the appeal and repeated the prayer. Copies of the sermon had been printed in advance of its delivery so that no subsequent pressure, however powerful, could force a retraction. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* gave it wide publicity. The profound impression made by Father Heithaus on the Catholic community left the hierarchy no alternative to opening the doors of the university to Negroes.

The action of St. Louis University, with its attendant suc-

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cess, has placed both the University of Missouri and Washington University (largely Protestant-supported) in an extremely embarrassing position. The embarrassment is only enhanced by the curious circumstance that both institutions, while denying admission to Negroes, offer no objection to Japanese Americans. A dozen or so Japanese Americans are enrolled in the various professional schools of Washington University. Sooner or later the absurdity of separate professional schools—emphasized by the successful experiment at St. Louis University—is bound to bring about changes in policy at both Washington and Missouri. What is the University of Missouri going to do when a Negro applies for admission to its school of medicine or its school of mines? In either case, technical compliance, after the current pattern, would involve an expenditure of several million dollars. Fortunately, the people of Missouri will vote on a new constitution this month. Under Article IX of the proposed draft, the legislature could provide, if it wished, for non-segregated schools.

Characterized by one Southern newspaper as "a pebble dropped into a calm pool," the Gaines decision has set in motion a series of events which must ultimately culminate in the abolition of segregation in state-supported professional schools throughout the South.

Under What Banner?

BY JOHN SCHOLTE NOLLEN

IT IS time to bring the discussion of "peace-time military conscription" out of the clouds of rhetoric and generalization and to look at the concrete plans of our military authorities in their factual setting. The army command proposes a standing army of about 300,000 men, an equal number in the National Guard (as an evident concession to state pride), a permanent reserve of 400,000. In addition to this permanent establishment—totaling about one million men, presumably raised by voluntary enlistment—it asks for the compulsory conscription of all boys at age eighteen, amounting annually to about another million, for one year's military training. These young soldiers would then remain in reserve for perhaps six to eight years, receiving refresher training in the summer.*

Thus after eight years had passed, and thereafter in perpetuity, we should have about ten million men actively prepared for military service, and presumably all under training in the summer. This would of course imply an enormous staff of officers, who would need to be professionally trained in order to be kept at the height of ever-developing military science. It would also imply a military equipment somewhat on the scale of our present war equipment.

This grandiose plan for our military preparedness in time of peace can be justified by only one assumption, which is not unnaturally in the minds of our military leaders as an article of professional faith—namely, that there will be another world war within a few years; in which case the military prophets are quite clear that this country would be the first to be attacked. By whom? That question is left hanging in the air.

Meanwhile another presupposition is exercising the minds of the best political and economic authorities in the United Nations—namely, that it is possible to set up an international organization that will bring an assurance of peace, not only by curbing any aggression at the source, but, even more importantly, by removing the common incentives for war. Our country took the lead in implementing such international cooperation by calling a food conference, which was followed by Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks, and will be followed soon by the San Francisco conference. Out of our experience with national political organization, we know that such a world organization will not meet the demands of perfectionists at the start; it will naturally have faults which the future may correct. Can it be relied upon to keep the peace? Winston Churchill said last September to Lord Cecil: "This war could easily have been prevented if the League of Nations had been used with courage and loyalty by the associated nations." If the enfeebled League, without the cooperation of the United States, could have been so used, then surely the contemplated organization of the United Nations, with the active participation of the United States, offers a guaranty of future peace for which no unilateral military preparation by any one nation, however extensive, can serve as a substitute.

The bills for peace-time conscription laid before Congress allege "security" as the incentive for the proposed legislation. But recent history proves conclusively that in modern war no nation can be secure by its own might. France felt quite secure behind its Maginot Line and boasted of the best army in the world. Germany was assured that its invincible, conquering *Wehrmacht* and preponderant air force placed it beyond any danger of attack. Japan seemed in an impregnable position, shielded by the wide Pacific in its conquest of boundless natural resources. England is an armed camp, powerfully defended by sea and in the air, but millions of men and weapons are no defense against the V-bombs that have devastated London. Uniting against the threat of war is no longer a matter of choice for the nations; it has become a grim and inescapable necessity. There is no longer any such thing as unilateral security. Safety through national defense is a mirage. And the new weapons that are already foreshadowed in this war make the hope of an isolated peace more illusory.

We cannot have it both ways. We must pin our faith either

* This refresher training every summer would be necessary to keep the personnel up to date.

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to great military force for our solitary protection or to the pacific organization of the world, guaranteed by the united power of the nations that like ourselves have a will for peace. We cannot pretend at Dumbarton Oaks that we will cooperate heartily in world organization and at the same time by our acts repudiate cooperative effort. The United Nations cannot function in an atmosphere of mutual suspicion and distrust. They represent an act of faith, or are nothing. As a matter of course, we shall be ready to provide our share of the forces that may be needed for the policing of the world after the war. It would be fantastic to suppose that for this purpose we should need the huge armed establishment contemplated in the plans for peace-time conscription. And if it should be suggested that our eighteen-year-old conscripts be used to police the unruly nations, then we should have to repel such a proposal as an invitation to the wholesale corruption of our youth.

Universal conscription has been tried by many nations during the past century, and it has never yet produced anything but evil in the long run. It is by its very nature competitive and hence cumulative: it begins with limited objectives and then, as rival nations step it up, it demands ever more time and expenditure, until the burden becomes intolerable. It is an ever-present temptation to imperialist adventure. Our adoption of this obsolete measure would only serve as an added obstruction to the gradual disarmament by other nations which must follow the enforced disarmament of our present enemies.

Meanwhile we can await in complete safety the further steps soon to be taken to organize the world for security and peace. We have incomparably the most powerful navy and the most efficient air force in the world and a finely equipped and well-trained army. We have demonstrated overwhelming industrial power and efficiency. The present Selective Service Act can be extended to cover any real military needs as long as there is fighting to be done. We, above all other nations, can afford to prove our sincerity in the planning of world organization by refraining from an unexampled show of future belligerent power.

The problem raised by the issue of peace-time conscription is not primarily a military problem. It is primarily a political and economic problem, with most important educational and moral implications. For the first time in our history we are working resolutely, with the United Nations, at the solution of the political and economic problem. Our failure to cooperate twenty-five years ago was responsible in large part for the weakness of the League of Nations. We know now that it was a terribly costly blunder for us to withdraw into selfish isolation in that critical juncture. It would be a crime for us to repeat that blunder now. We have pledged our allies the utmost exertion of our national strength in the winning of the war. They need our honest assurance that we shall be loyally with them in the winning of the peace.

[*Dr. Nollen's article opens a forum on the important issue of peace-time military training. Next week Irving Lipkowitz will present a different point of view in an article entitled Conscription Is Not the Issue.* The Nation *will be glad to have the comments of its readers.*]

In the Wind

WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER: A man entered a New York restaurant last Friday and ordered ham and eggs. "No ham today," said the waitress. "This is meatless Friday. You can have frankfurters, bologna, or liverwurst."

IN 1930 HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY published "L'Italia nel Passato e nel Presente" ("Italy Past and Present"), an Italian reader compiled and edited by Ginevra Capocelli. One of the sections under Contemporary Italy, headed Fascism, consisted of three passages from "Social Peace and the Future of Italy" by Benito Mussolini; and under the title of the last section, The Political Organization of Italy, was a quotation by the same author: "All in the state, nothing against the state, nothing outside the state." A revised edition of the book is now being advertised. "Miss Capocelli," say the advertisements, "has substituted for material on Fascist Italy a useful supplementary selection of proverbs and axioms."

BOB PRINCE, a radio announcer on the staff of Station WCAE, Pittsburgh, conducts a news broadcast for Oswald and Hess Company, a local meat-packing firm, every day at 8 a. m. On February 9 he said he was about to report an item of great significance; he would not vouch for its truth, but was reporting it because it had not been denied by the government. The "news" was that the Administration was planning a world-wide Gestapo to which no person's private affairs would be immune. The alleged author of the plan was a sister of Justice Felix Frankfurter. Immediately after the broadcast a transcribed announcement said, "Rosenbaum's suggests you do not repeat rumors. They help the enemy."

ALEXANDER JANTA, author of "I Lied to Live," an account of escape from Nazi Europe, reports that the stories anti-Nazis in the liberated countries are now telling about the Atlantic Charter are of the same unprintable quality as Republican jokes about Mrs. Roosevelt. As for liberation, when a person asks for a match and forgets to return the box the owner says, "Pardon me. You seem to have liberated my matches."

HOW TO GET CIGARETTES: A man in Artesia, New Mexico, mentioned the great American famine in a letter to his son in the Pacific. By return mail he received a package of Japanese cigarettes.

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Nazis have commandeered all baby carriages in occupied Holland, and they are now rolling toward Germany loaded with civilian loot. . . . Anders Eek, a collaborationist pastor at Hedrum, Norway, has resigned. In a letter to his superiors he complained that he had been holding services in empty churches. Pastor Ravnan of Borgund, another collaborationist, has voiced a similar complaint: "Nobody comes to church any more. Yesterday it was only my family." But when an anti-Nazi pastor visited Ytre Rendalen to hold secret services, the church was packed. Thirty-three children were presented for baptism.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*]

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Darlan Over Athens

BY PHILIP JORDAN

[*Although it was written before the Yalta meeting and before an agreement was reached by the Greek factions in Athens, this article is still valid because it analyzes the basic fallacy in the Allied administration of liberated countries. We are glad to announce that Mr. Jordan, a leading English writer on international affairs, will be a frequent contributor to* The Nation.]

London, January 16

EVER since the Allies sailed into the Mediterranean at the beginning of November, 1942, they have been making a mess of things. They began by appointing Darlan—happily, assassinated less than two months later—to the command of an empire which, under the terms of the Atlantic Charter, they were more or less committed to obliterate by moral example; and the list of their consequent follies is not yet complete.

It would be profitless to apportion blame in all but the actually present state of Greece, where the British government is now solely responsible for maintaining the pretensions of precisely those reactionary elements of European society which we had innocently supposed in September, 1939, we were at long last permitted to destroy. Yet even the Greek troubles have their roots in Allied rather than exclusively British policy; and it is worth while digging in historical ground so that we may examine their origins for a moment.

A year ago I was in Turkey, watching—so far as you can watch through the frosted glass of an enemy frontier—what was happening in Greece. Later all my documents were destroyed by fire, and I must therefore paraphrase what I then wrote. (My dispatches from Turkey were not fully published in England, for the editor under whom I then served considered them "indiscreet.")

I wrote then that, so far as it was possible to tell, the grant of co-belligerence to Italy, coming as it did on top of Darlan's appointment—to say nothing of our tenderness to Franco—must inevitably lead to civil war in Greece. The fact that we had treated with and shown exceptional favor to Badoglio, whose name in Greece, whether rightly or wrongly, stood for unpardonable villainy and reactionary corruption, could only encourage the Greek right to suppose that their crimes would be pardoned, and lead the left and center to a conviction that unless they did something about it, they would eventually be returned to the odious state in which Metaxas and their king had formerly conspired together to keep them.

From a military point of view, co-belligerence, the Greeks knew well, meant nothing. They had a somewhat more intimate knowledge of Italian martial qualities than the gentlemen of the British Foreign Office and the American State Department. They knew that, broadly speaking (and here I quote a famous Greek diplomat who escaped from his country in January, 1944), "if God Almighty Himself were to come down from heaven with a rifle in His hands, and on His bended knees were to implore the Italians to take up war on whichever side they wished, they would laugh in His face." They knew also that instead of encouraging the politically conscious workers of northern Italy to revolt, we were, at the risk of prolonging the war, blowing them to pieces with American and British bombs. It was a paradox that might have bewildered better men.

In the circumstances it was natural for them, cut off as they were, to suppose that the pattern of Allied diplomacy was a good deal clearer than in fact it is, and to believe that co-belligerence was a purely political device whose main purposes were to stifle the proper aspirations of the Italian common man and to replace one form of reaction by another. In this belief the leaders of the Greek revolt against the German occupation felt it necessary to reconsider their policies, and they came to the natural conclusion that their internal problems must take precedence over those which were external in their main content. Viewing Allied policy since the beginning of the Allied offensive in November, 1942—when, for the first time, deeds began to replace words as the yardstick of Allied intentions—they reasoned that the Allies were going to win and that unless they hamstrung their internal enemies while they were still weak and isolated from all but an indifferently applied German protection, the right-wing émigré elements and all that they stood for would eventually come sailing into power beneath the guns of the British fleet and would make common cause with the collaborators. An almost entirely right-wing demonstration in Athens on January 14 in favor of Scobie and the so-called truce shows how correct their estimate of the potential situation was.

Their reasoning may of course, on a long-term view, have been mistaken—it is yet too early to say that it was—but at least it was logical; and logic drove them to consolidate their power by attacking their internal enemies, the collaborators, fence-sitters, and other right-wing conspirators, before all these could command assistance from outside. There is nothing notable in the fact that these enemies were drawn from the right or tory element in Greece: the phenomenon of "right-wing collaboration" is common to all occupied Europe, and the only friends these gangsters have found in Britain are the Tory riffraff.

Yet it ill becomes this riffraff, led in Britain by the press-baron brothers Camrose and Kemsley,* to condemn the behavior with which they charge the leaders of the E. A. M., for they were the supporters of the Serbian, Mihailovich,

* Camrose owns the *Daily Telegraph*, his brother, Kemsley, the *Sunday Times* and the servant girl's *Daily Sketch*, the three most irresponsible and unreliable newspapers published in London.

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when he employed, in an inverted sense to be sure, precisely the same tactics to secure power in Yugoslavia. Mihailovich decided in 1942 that what he called the "Communists," by which he meant the National Liberation Movement, were a greater menace to his idea of Yugoslavia than the Germans, against whom the ill-armed forces of the N. L. M. were ranged, and he thereupon diverted the whole of his energies to their destruction. Whether he did this from wicked motives or from characteristic folly is not yet determined, but the only result of his decision was to turn himself into a German mercenary, and his Chetniks into German auxiliaries.

In lesser degree the Greek left and center diverted a portion of their strength against those whom they believed to constitute the greater menace to the future state; but as, for the most part, these were collaborators, there were times when they killed two birds with one stone. There were times also of course when they killed the wrong bird, and their enemies have wasted no time in proclaiming their inevitable mistakes. If Lord Camrose had cared to spend two pennies on a London telephone call to verify the accuracy of an atrocity story told against the E. L. A. S., he might not have made an ass of himself by publishing it.

All these facets of Allied policy, whose somber light alone seems to have engaged the attention of Greek patriots, gave added meaning to their belief that at all costs Churchill, wedded to the idea of kingship, was determined once more to place their old oppressor, the dull and stupid George, on the throne which he had disgraced. It is natural that they should have thought so, but my own belief is that they have done Churchill less than justice.

This is no place for an analysis of that remarkable man's character, and it would require a lengthy operation to determine the real motives which animate him in this matter; but this much seems clear—it is friendship and liking for the man, rather than a vague attachment to the romance of monarchy as such, that have moved the Prime Minister to stand in the way of an inevitable historical process which even he is not strong enough to halt. It may be that he does not yet understand the full implications of the world revolution in which he has played so notable a part and of the new values that men attach to liberty. As Metternich failed to understand the inner meaning of the French Revolution, so Churchill, it seems, fails to understand that of the new European, which is but part of a world, revolution, whose first results are now becoming visible in Greece and Yugoslavia. If he fails to understand, his fate will be the same as Metternich's; and the tide of universal desire—however much liberals may dislike it—will drown him, for if history has any lesson to teach us it is that no human agency, however powerful, can stem that flood when once it begins to rise, or, when humanity lurches, deviate it from its course.

By his trip to Athens and his subsequent forcing of the regency on a reluctant King, he has shown either that he is retiring to prepared positions the better to defend the last ditch or that he has latterly developed some vague understanding of the real and as yet hardly defined process of modern history. The truculence of his answers in the House of Commons on January 16 would seem to indicate the former. But perhaps it is too early to say which, with any certainty: we can only guess, and maybe it does not matter anyhow. He could not stop that process if he would. Or canalize it. Like the Mississippi it just keeps rolling along.

This diversion is a necessary part of this slight examination of root causes, for the role of Churchill in modern Greece has been somewhat misunderstood. For my part I am convinced that he desired for the Greek people what he conceived to be freedom, but that when for the first time he saw the face that contemporary freedom wears, he drew back from it in horror. It must be admitted also that the conduct of certain E. L. A. S. leaders is not calculated to endear them to decent men. As many Englishmen do, Churchill conceives freedom in the image of British constitutionalism and parliamentary values, and he falsely imagines that that admirable method of government for Englishmen is the desire of all men.

Exactly when he first caught sight of contemporary Greece it would be hard to say. Certainly until the middle of last May, and probably later, there was, by agreement with President Roosevelt, no intention of sending British troops into Greece. A militarily organized relief body, under the command of Major General Holmes, was to be the limit of our commitments. Its orders were to hand over supplies at eight chosen ports to whatever Greek authorities it might find there, and to do no more than provide assistance, when required, for their distribution. In this the UNRRA was to play no part but that of interested observer.

Long before the middle of May, however, it was obvious that the scheme would not work. It was obvious as soon as the Lebanon Conference closed in April that Papandreou could not count on any support from the E. A. M., whose claim, had it cared to put it forward, to become the government of Greece was infinitely better than any that he could make. Papandreou was a British nominee, had taken an oath of allegiance to the King, and in the eyes of the E. A. M. was pledged to the return of the King and all that that meant in renewed persecution of the left and center. Maybe they were wrong—it still remains to determine whether they were or not—but that is how, viewing matters in the light of Allied policy since November, 1942, they saw the situation.

Yet the truth is that by the spring of last year the monarchy had ceased to count: George of the Hellenes was no longer the real stumbling-block, and had no more chance of returning to Athens than young Peter has of returning to Yugoslavia. He had merely become a convenient symbol of Greek reaction, whose scattered elements were finding a new hope in Papandreou. It did not then pass unnoticed in Cairo that Papandreou stated privately that unless the E. A. M. agreed to cooperate with him whole-heartedly, he would beg the Allies to send troops to Greece when the hour of "liberation" should come.

Whether he did or not I do not know. I know only that British policy was reversed, and that British soldiers were used to fight those who had themselves done more to harass the German invader than any other corporate body in the state. Past Allied sins, as the left and center interpreted them, had maneuvered us into a false position from which we could not escape.

Sad and deplorable, yes, but inevitable. When, on, as far as I can remember, November 12, 1942, in a bedroom of the St. George's Hotel in Algiers, I heard General Mark Clark

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announce with pride that he had just appointed Darlan to the post of High Commissioner for French North Africa, I wondered what tribulation was in store for us. That we should antagonize the resistance forces of Europe and thus prolong the war, I could guess; but that we should force them to fight us I did not dare imagine.

And that is the Greek tragedy, it seems to me. We had to intervene, for by antagonizing our friends and holding out hopes to our enemies we made civil war inevitable; and it became our duty to limit it, regardless of political considerations. Our error was not intervention but the creation of internal conditions which made intervention necessary. And having started down the dirty path of Darlanism, we not unnaturally found ourselves on the wrong side. Yet our shame is not so much due to love of reaction as to fear of socialism; and fear, of course, is always more ignoble than love can ever be. Will the Foreign Office and the State Department please note? Above all, will Robert Murphy note that fact?

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IN WAR time it is normal to receive little news from the enemy's country. But, paradoxically, we are getting even less from German territory that has been taken away from the enemy. It might have been supposed that with the entry of Allied troops into a German province the shutters would be taken from the windows, that one would be able to find there the first authentic answers to many questions of great import for the future, be able for the first time to study actual conditions and to observe the people's attitude toward the past, present, and future. It might have been expected that Allied public opinion would be given every opportunity to instruct itself freely in occupied German territory.

Just the opposite has been the case. News from German territory now in Allied hands, instead of being more abundant than before the Nazis were driven out, does not come through at all. This is especially true in the east. While Silesia was under Nazi rule, the Silesian newspapers were received in other countries, and much could be learned from the articles, announcements, decrees, and even the advertisements that appeared in them. There were also the correspondents for neutral papers, whose dispatches mentioned various happenings in the province. There were letters from Silesians to relatives and friends abroad. There was business correspondence between Silesian and Swiss or Swedish firms. When the facts thus gleaned were put together in a mosaic, they provided a considerable amount of information, and the province could not be said to be entirely cut off from the world. But all these channels for news were blocked by the Russian occupation, and no others have been opened. The dim-out which prevailed under the Nazis has become a total black-out. If it continues, the German settlement will be submitted to a public opinion in the democracies which has been deprived of any chance to form a picture of conditions in Germany. The settlement will be made in a darkroom.

A columnist must bow to this situation. Interesting as it would be to cast a look around that part of Germany now held by the Allies, the only reports at his disposal are about the region behind the enemy's lines. One of these, published in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, on February 6, is worth repeating. It tells of a twelve-year-old Polish boy whom the Swiss border sentries had found a few days before half frozen in the snow. According to the boy's statement, he had run away from St. Blasien, a little town in the Black Forest, because both his parents had been killed.

> The family had recently been moved to St. Blasien, where the father was ordered to work on the construction of secret arms and ammunition depots in the forest. Gradually all who knew of this secret work were killed—shot in cold blood one after the other. Even the mother was not spared. After that the boy fled.

This is the first definite, concrete news of special preparations for resistance in the mountainous region of southern Germany. It may indicate that there is some truth in the rumors that the Nazis will make their last stand there.

Countless descriptions of the "new migration" in the Reich from east to west fill both German and neutral newspapers. Churning through a country picked bare of food, in bitter cold, the human flood presents a picture of misery that, in the words of a Swedish witness, "defies all description and is unprecedented in history." Especially important are the signs of manifold disintegration. A dispatch in the Stockholm *Aftonbladet* of February 2 runs as follows:

> Desertions from the German army in the east have increased to unheard-of proportions during recent weeks. Particularly soldiers from Pomerania, West Prussia, and Brandenburg are making for home to save what can be saved. Because of the millions of refugees the authorities cannot exercise effective control. Informed circles estimate the number of deserters in the past four weeks at more than twenty thousand. Disobedience is increasing in all the front units, and morale has deteriorated strikingly. On Monday the 242d Grenadier Regiment had to be withdrawn from battle because entire detachments laid down their arms.

The Stockholm *Expressen* of February 6 reports that in all the eastern towns and villages that have been deserted by their inhabitants soldiers enter the houses "looking not only for food but, primarily, for civilian clothes. If they find something they can wear they leave their uniforms and try to make their way westward with the refugees."

The Gestapo seems to have begun the liquidation of all persons who ever had any connection with Russia. The Stockholm *Afltonbladet* said on February 3 that in the course of this "incredibly stepped-up terror" Count Friedrich Werner von der Schulenburg, former German ambassador in Moscow, had been arrested; also the former German Reichstag member Professor Otto Hötsch, author of several books on Russian history and publisher of a magazine dealing with Slavonic problems. The *Svenska Dagbladet* reports the arrest of a large number of "former politicians, of all possible shades of opinion, who might conceivably play a role in some future government." The newspaper added that in Berlin a list of ten thousand names has been drawn up —persons "who are considered unreliable and who will be compulsorily evacuated from Berlin as soon as the city is actually menaced. These ten thousand people include many of Germany's outstanding industrial and banking executives, officials, lawyers, and doctors."

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SERMON ON A TEXT FROM WHITMAN

BY LIONEL TRILLING

"DEMOCRATIC VISTAS" is Walt Whitman's most important single work in prose, yet it has never been familiar to American readers. For this there is some reason. The large pamphlet is the rather awkward amalgamation of two earlier pamphlets; it is often eloquent, but it is all too often marked by that dull explosiveness of syntax which Whitman found appropriate to his prophetic moods in prose; it is full of half-educated words and phrases—we hear of "the ostent," of "orbic bards," of "literatuses," of "stores of cephalic knowledge," of the "vertebration of the manly and womanly personalism," jargon bad enough in itself, ridiculous in the man who made so much fuss about literary pretentiousness in others, but forgivable in the genius who was trying, outside the established intellectual order, to see the future and the truth. For all its faults of manner, the little book is great; and in any discussion of the relation of American literature to American life it is a central document.

As its name suggests, "Democratic Vistas" is about the future of democracy. The future of democracy is made to depend, in a sense, on literature. I say "in a sense" because in point of fact Whitman believes that democracy depends on a certain condition of mind or state of being which is not induced by literature alone, but here he is concerned to urge upon literature its duty of fostering this crucial emotion.

Published in 1871, the pamphlet is in part the expression of Whitman's disappointment after his nearly mystical experience of the Civil War. To Whitman, his nation had been justified by the war. The personal qualities of the young soldiers he had nursed in the Washington hospitals seemed to him to have proved what he called the "religious" value of democracy. In terms of human quality—and for Whitman this was the only criterion—the American experiment was a success. Yet the years after the war terribly denied that success. Whitman can admire the glow and bustle of national expansion, but he sees that behind the façade there is reason for dejection and despair. "Society in these states," he says, "is canker'd, crude, superstitious, rotten." He sees a lack of all "moral conscientious fiber." He sees hypocrisy, superciliousness, a false intellectuality; puny bodies; bad manners; tepid amours—"the men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men." The business classes are depraved, the class of civil servants no less so. It is in "Democratic Vistas" that Whitman makes the often-quoted remark about the grandeur of a well-contested American election, but now he feels that politics is no longer spontaneous and representative—"these savage, wolfish parties alarm me."

To find a way of national salvation he turns to literature. In part what he wants from literature is what every nationalist critic wants; it is what Goethe in his nationalist moments wanted—a national "myth," a moral identity for the country, what Whitman himself calls in a hideous but telling phrase, "an American stock personality."

But Whitman wants something more. He is in the great romantic tradition, and he shares as fully as possible the large romantic belief in the political mission of the "literatus." With affinities to Wordsworth, Shelley, Carlyle, and Arnold, his view of the relation of literature to politics is closest to Schiller's. I do not know whether he had read Schiller's "Letters on Art"—and certainly his statement is far less philosophically elaborate than Schiller's and no doubt the better for that—but like Schiller he conceives of literature as the intermediary between the necessary authority of government and the ideal condition of human freedom.

We must remember that for Whitman authority was no bad thing. He says that democracy may be defined by its free diversity, but he is not so naive as to think that free diversity can exist without authority. If "Democratic Vistas" begins with ideas derived from John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty," it goes on to speak handsomely of Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara," that desperate prediction of the anarchy democracy may bring.

The whole pamphlet is a tissue of such contradictions, or, rather, modulations. Whitman is always showing himself as a more complex intelligence than perhaps he wanted to be, or than many of his readers want him to be. We often hear that Whitman's thought is anti-dualistic. In actual fact, he lived in a world of dualisms—body-soul, past-future, mass-individual, liberty-authority, life-death. His characteristic way of thought is to support one term of a dualism, then hasten to protect the other. For him the oppositions, although antagonistic to each other, are not negations of each other. In more senses than one Whitman's view of the world was dialectical: the world as he knew it was the dialogue of the disagreement between the great antagonistic principles. In "Democratic Vistas" what concerns him is the antagonism between authority, the representation of the mass, the average, and freedom or individualism, what he calls "personalism." Democracy can exist only if authority can organize diversity; but democracy dies if authority encroaches on personalism. It is here, at this moment of delicate balance, that the call goes out to the poet.

It is not possible in short space to suggest the full richness and complication of "Democratic Vistas" or even to paraphrase all that Whitman says in it about literature. It is important to remark, however, how subtle a view Whitman took of the relation of literature to politics. He believes that literature is more important than congresses or acts of state, for literature affects the depths of a nation's scarcely conscious soul. He thinks that literature must deal with "the people," yet he does not think that it does its proper work

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by dealing directly with politics or by exposing social conditions. Indeed, Whitman is very firm against what he calls "the growing excess and arrogance of realism." The true poet, he says, works by "analogies," by "curious removes, indirections." In the face of the common belief that Whitman is the ancestor of the social realists, these words suggest that Marianne Moore, much more than Carl Sandburg, is his true descendant.

I said that Whitman made democracy depend on a certain condition of mind or state of being for which literature had a responsibility. "There is, in sanest hours, a consciousness, a thought that rises, independent, lifted out from all else, calm, like the stars, shining eternal. This is the thought of identity—yours for you, whoever you are, as mine for me. Miracle of miracles, beyond statement, most spiritual of earth's dreams, yet hardest basic fact, and only entrance to all facts." This, for Whitman, is the emotion which guarantees democracy.

It is worth observing that Whitman talks about personal *identity*, not about personal *value*. The sense of personal value is something very different. It suggests the comparative, the competitive—all the horrors of the struggle for status into which democracy, as we know it, corrupts itself. What Whitman is talking about does not permit comparison—it is the single absolute in the democratic conception.

Elsewhere in the pamphlet Whitman speaks of this sense of identity as the "centripetal isolation of a human being in himself," and goes on: "Whatever the name, its acceptance and thorough infusion through the organization of political commonalty now shooting Aurora-like about the world, are of utmost importance, as the principle itself is needed for life's sake. It forms, in a sort, or is to form, the compensating balance wheel of the successful working machinery of aggregate America."

It lies as he says, "beyond statement," but he knows what it is, and he knows what it does, and he knows how it can be generated. Literature can generate it. But not literature only. Whitman himself got it from Italian opera, or from crossing Brooklyn Ferry, or from certain aspects of the sea. Mark Twain got it from the Mississippi and from Lake Tahoe, Thoreau from the woods—in the American experience it is commonly given by a certain relation to nature. In the human experience generally it is given by the full awareness and valuation of the biological crises—birth, love, death. Whitman, the poet of vital affirmation, got it perhaps most intensely from contemplating death. He thought that the coming American poets must have a deep consciousness of death. Whitman's very best poems are personal in theme; of these the two most remarkable are about death; and of these two even the great lament for Lincoln, When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed, is less fine than Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking, of which an English critic has said that it is "the world's supreme song of separation."

If you pick up Samuel Sillen's recent selection from Whitman—it is called "Walt Whitman, Poet of American Democracy" (International Publishers, $2)—you will not find Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking. Nor can this exclusion be accounted for by lack of space—not when Dr. Sillen gives us 35 pages of his own ideas about Whitman to 125 pages of the poet himself. You will not find it because Dr. Sillen "aims to present Whitman as a living force in the war against fascist barbarism as well as in the peace which America and the other United Nations seek to achieve through unconditional victory." And Dr. Sillen goes on: "Only a volume that is politically partisan in this sense could be truly representative of Whitman." To demonstrate an explicit partisanship Dr. Sillen selects much of Whitman's work that is of merely indifferent quality. We conclude that what is "truly representative" of a poet need not be his best work.

It is in line with Dr. Sillen's own political partisanship that he emphasizes the interest of the Russians in Whitman and Whitman's own considerable interest in Russia. This reciprocal interest undoubtedly has its significance; still, a less partisan editor would have kept it in mind that the French and German feeling for Whitman has been as notable as the Russian; or, remembering that Whitman's interest in Russia was shared by other Americans (Henry Adams and Brooks Adams among them), remembering too that Whitman could say in his large loose way, "The Russians I look upon as overgrown boys and girls," a more critical editor would have used a tone a little less like that of a church father finding in Vergil's Fourth Eclogue the prophecy of Christ. But Dr. Sillen wants a Whitman who is not only the poet of American democracy but also the poet of Russian nationalism and internationalism. He wants a Whitman canon that coincides with the ideals of current Russian thought. Whitman on the size of the country, on national growth, national loyalty, devotion to a leader, sexual acceptance, responsibility for oppressed minorities, confidence in a bulking material future, Whitman patting his country on its broad back—this is the Whitman Dr. Sillen wants, even though it is not always the poetically best Whitman.

And this Whitman Dr. Sillen "arranges"—but only 125 pages of him in a format that is most prodigal of space: the kind of arrangement Dr. Sillen wants requires a minimum of the poet. The arrangement is made "logically" in order to "help clarify [Whitman's] basic interests and attitudes." This language of a sociology major is perhaps odd when used of a poet who was concerned with the arrangement of his own works, although not much concerned with logic. But with such language Dr. Sillen cuts Whitman down to size. Thus, if Whitman says, "Do I contradict myself?/Very well then I contradict myself/(I am large, I contain multitudes)," Dr. Sillen, with a proper disgust at inconsistency, bustles to assure us that Whitman doesn't *really* contradict himself—this is Whitman for the peace table, at which, as we know, contradictions will be forbidden—and to comfort us with the thought that "the apparent contradictions may be united."

And "united" they are, just as if they were nations. For example, Dr. Sillen wishes Whitman to be as pious as himself in the matter of science and materialism. He quotes: "I accept Reality and dare not question it,/Materialism first and last imbuing./Hurrah for positive science! long live exact demonstration!" Perfectly characteristic—but Whitman

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could also say, "To the cry, now victorious—the cry of sense, science, flesh, incomes, farms, merchandise, logic, intellectual demonstrations . . . fear not, my brethren, my sisters, to sound out with equally determined voice, that conviction brooding within the recesses of every envisioned soul—illusions, apparitions, figments all!" Dr. Sillen is not unaware that Whitman made statements like this second one. Indeed, his awareness constrains him to qualify his own remarks about Whitman's materialism. But he makes his qualifications in this way: "This is not to suggest that Whitman was a consistent philosophical materialist, for he never did cast off the idealistic elements of his thinking inherited from Emerson and Hegel."

Never did cast off—as if this aspect of Whitman's thought were a dead skin, as if everything that was characteristic of his mind, including the hurrah for positive science, did not arise from his idealistic metaphysics. Democracy certainly does not depend on philosophical idealism, but Whitman's own democratic impulse did spring from his idealistic philosophy. The "I" of Whitman—and this explains why it is often hard to identify ourselves with it as we read—is not always a person: it is often the personal image of the idealistic absolute. That is why Whitman contains multitudes—and contradictions. Walt Whitman, democracy, and the absolute are images of each other. They contain everything, even what Dr. Sillen with a quaint severity calls "devotees of a life relieved of social discipline"—a strange word, that "relieved": is social discipline then so burdensome?—and they contain both the moment when we love science and material things and the moment when we are not satisfied by them. They contain both our impulse of subordination to the interests of the mass of men and our impulse of personal identity, each giving health and value to the other.

> One's-self I sing, a simple separate person,
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse

These are the first lines of "Leaves of Grass" and they are the first lines of Dr. Sillen's selection. But Dr. Sillen's response is all to the second line: En-Masse delights him but not the simple separate person. As a consequence he omits from his selection Whitman's finest expression of identity, the great elegy Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking.

I am certainly not trying to take Dr. Sillen to task simply for omitting a single poem, no matter how fine. Nor am I trying to say that Whitman is not political or has no political relevance now, for I think quite the contrary is true. All over the world people and peoples, where they have not lost their lives, have lost their sense of personal identity to an extent painful beyond imagination. If a poet can possibly help restore it to them, Whitman is that poet. And as peace seems to approach, we, who will have some part of their fates in our hands, might well refresh ourselves on the nature of the hardest basic fact and entrance to all facts. Further, if the Russians now read Whitman avidly, as Dr. Sillen says they do, what a good sign it is, not merely flattering that a great ally should read our national poet but reassuring to those people, and they are numerous, who have kept some reserve about the Russian polity on the ground of its insufficiency of "personalism." Yes, Whitman is indeed a political poet, and relevant now.

And so I could understand it very well if Dr. Sillen, making a selection of Whitman with reference not only to America but also to Russia, had pointed to Out of the Cradle and said, "We in our democracy have had many failures, as no doubt you in yours. But we have had our successes too, and this is one—this poet of democracy who can feel this way about life, with this intensity, this ecstasy of love and loss, affirming in the song of our American mocking-bird our highest feelings about human life."

Had Dr. Sillen done this he would have been truly a political man, as Whitman was. But he is only a "political" man; he is unable to suppose that the Whitman of contradictions, of deepest simple personal feeling, can have reference either to American or to Russian democracy.

Dr. Sillen is committed to a political tradition of culture, which has, indeed, never looked with favor on the emotion that Whitman thought came in sanest moments, the emotion on which, as he believed, democracy depended. And Dr. Sillen's tradition of culture has of course had a considerable success, especially lately, when it has become demure and non-agitational, adopting—as in Dr. Sillen's introduction—the educational tone of those old professors of ours who knew what they were doing when they put us to sleep so that they could speak to our dreams. The chief reason for the success of Dr. Sillen's tradition is that all of us, latently and unconsciously, fear in ourselves the sense of identity, and wish to lose it.

The signs of this fear may be variously found. What seems now to mark our ultimate political hope is a willingness to give up all concern with the internal *quality* of the simple separate person and an unwillingness to believe that the adventurous expressions of art have an intimate relation to the adventure of political freedom. For instance, J. Donald Adams, with an eye to democracy, tells us that books of the future will take a certain reassuring shape, specifications to be provided by what he calls "the many." Or the liberal New York *Post* assures its readers that they do right to sneer at James Joyce: he is hard to read and does not advocate social legislation for the people. Or *PM*, for many the palladium of progressive thought, gives but grudging space to written literature, on the theory that the people are not interested in it. I remember the fishy—not hostile but perplexed—stare with which a famous liberal editor received my remark that culture was integral with politics; the gist of his polite reply was that some day we would finish with politics and *then* we would have literature. Of my friends of political good-will it might be said that their tolerant indifference to literature is in proportion to the personal salvation they hope to derive from their feelings of political good-will.

Well, political and social contradictions being now what they are, it is understandable that we should begin to fear even those vital contradictions, incident upon being human, which literature expresses—and why, like Dr. Sillen, we should suppose that they must be brushed aside for something we no doubt call a constructive point of view. For none of us quite likes himself these days, and so we are worried when a poet speaks of the sense of identity as being the miracle of miracles and also the hardest basic fact. Yet it is we, who despise ourselves and who fear the very thing

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if democracy is to win Asia
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that our democratic poet called the product of "sanest moments"—it is we who feel the responsibility of spreading democracy throughout the world. If there was ever a "contradiction" to scare us, here indeed is one within ourselves.

In modern times insurgent poets from Wordsworth through Baudelaire through Joyce have dealt in "contradictions" which they have expressed by paradox, strangeness, and even "absurdity." Their purpose has always been ultimately a political one; they wanted to shock us out of the way of seeing forced upon us by the political past and the institutional present. They have appealed beyond the institutional barrier to the sense of identity, knowing it to be spunky, alive, resistant—the basic fact and the hardest, hard enough to be the touchstone of every idea. Whitman was such a poet. I have mentioned Marianne Moore as such another. E. E. Cummings, not now in general esteem with people of high political feeling, is such another. There are many more. If I had the job of instructing anybody in democracy, I would send him first to the generous pages of these poets and say, "There is the hardest basic political democratic fact." And then I would point to Dr. Sillen's volume—not because it is in itself important and decisive but because it represents much that is—and say, "And there, as you will now quickly see, is its negation."

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

> The more books we read the sooner we perceive that the only function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece. No other task is of any consequence. Obvious though this should be, how few writers will admit it, or having made the admission, will be prepared to lay aside the piece of iridescent mediocrity on which they have embarked! . . .
>
> All excursions into journalism, broadcasting, propaganda, and writing for the films, however grandiose, are ephemeral. To put of our best into these forms is one folly the more, since we condemn good ideas as well as bad to oblivion. . . . Writers engrossed in any literary activity which is not their attempt at a masterpiece are their own dupes. . . .—Cyril Connolly in "The Unquiet Grave."

THIS is merciless advice, which Mr. Connolly himself does not live up to. He rubs it in with a quotation from Flaubert which is even more merciless:

> The strongest have perished here. Art is a luxury; it demands white and calm hands. One makes first a little concession, then two, then twenty. One fools oneself about one's morality for a long time. Then one no longer gives a damn, and finally becomes imbecile.

Yet it isn't a bad idea to have these pronouncements tacked up over one's typewriter in a period when the purist—in writing, in politics, in morals—is in such bad repute, not only with the world at large, but with his own friends. And with himself.

Easy money makes cowards of us all. And one of the characteristics of this amoral age is that temptation is taken for justification. Cold cash has assumed the force of a moral imperative. "They offered me so much that I couldn't afford to turn it down." That statement is the epitome of moral confusion; yet it is generally considered an unanswerable argument.

The frustration and stultification of Hollywood have become one of America's tall tales, but few writers refuse a chance to work there. The temptee always assumes, of course, that he will make his pile quick and then get back to his "attempt at a masterpiece," or do it on the side.

And his friends can usually be counted on to encourage him in this rationalization, partly because they have the guilty feeling that if they were offered a thousand a week they couldn't resist it either, and partly because they are subject to the convention, which prevails in and out of Bohemia, that to turn down a thousand dollars a week for any reason whatsoever is *per se* foolish—a variety of social indiscretion.

Some people, to be sure, come back from Hollywood. I'm not particularly worried, for instance, about Katherine Anne Porter, who has just gone there.

For most, however, it's a one-way trip. Living conditions, I'm told, are pleasant. It's nice to have money. The climate is wonderful, there are good schools for the children, and the company is congenial, being made up of people with whom one has so many rationalizations in common.

The idea that one will get back to one's own work, though it is not discarded, recedes into the background. A new rationalization emerges. Once in a while you are able to "put over" something; one day you may get away with something really important. And aren't you "taking part in the life of your time"? These illusions combined with $1,000 a week or even $300 are as irresistible as the two halves of a prison gate.

And there's a device you can always fall back on, the device of being cynical about it, of treating the whole thing as a huge joke. Americans in particular have always had a capacity for laughing off their more troublesome emotions.

Hollywood is only the most dramatic temptation, and the most fabulous in terms of money. The business of doing something one has no respect for goes on continuously in other fields—the radio, advertising, mass-circulation magazines, and large areas of book publishing.

Never were the skills and trappings of talent so much in demand—and its real force and essence so little. Item: Almost by definition the talented individual is ahead of his time, at least by a hair's breadth; one of his functions is to push back boundaries. The social and moral code he must write to in films, mass magazines, radio, has long since been discarded even by the less enlightened elements of the population as a whole. Yet "they offered me so much I couldn't afford to turn it down."

I know that writers must eat. It might be a good idea if we invented a new word for writing in order to eat as opposed to writing. That would eliminate a great deal of confusion.

Writing is a marginal occupation and a private affair. The writer who produces a good book which happens to become a best-seller or is bought by the movies is just lucky—unless he thereupon begins to write with the objective of producing a best-seller or a film "spectacle."

I'm aware that much of the talent now being put to the use of "mass entertainment" is of the middling sort and that its possessors' attempt at a masterpiece wouldn't amount to

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much. This tirade is not concerned with such of these as know their limitations and are happy in their work.

I admit that occasionally you do get "something good"—a fine bit of wit, a few hundred feet of first-rate uncorrupted characterization or exposition. But it is always imbedded in a mess of pottage, and so far as I can judge, the writer who thinks that the "something good" he gets away with will eventually raise the over-all quality of the mess of pottage is tripping over his own feet.

The scientist who shuts himself in his laboratory, on bread and water so to speak, in order to prove a theory is still considered a noble figure, even if he fails—though there are always those to wonder why he doesn't go into industry and make a lot of money. The poet in the garret has become the object of reproach and ridicule. Professional poets-in-garrets have had something to do with it. But mainly it is the result of social pressures operating on natural desires.

Society: It's stupid and weak to be poor.

The Writer: I'm as bright as anybody, brighter than most. Why shouldn't I have money too?

Society: Why should you set yourself above and apart from other people?

The Writer: It's pleasant to "belong."

Society: Unless, of course, you're a genius. But you'll have to show your papers.

The Writer: I don't know. I probably haven't anything to say anyway.

In the view of society, genius, like the jam in "Through the Looking Glass," appears only every other day. Every day, that is, except today. Who ever heard of a living genius?

SOME PEOPLE GO SOUTH for winter vacations. A friend of mine has just gone to Naushon Island, off Martha's Vineyard—and her report may divert others as it did me.

> You take the 12:45 from New York and sit up all night. You get to Boston at 6:30. You take the 8:10 to Woods Hole and arrive there about 10. You sit a couple of hours in Mr. Tilton's house as he isn't ready to take his boat out yet because of the ice. Mrs. Tilton does not allow you to smoke, and you are too weary and depressed to go out and lean against a lamp post and indulge this vice. You get on Mr. Tilton's boat about noon and go into the tiny cabin while he tries to get unstuck from his mooring, which he finally does.
>
> After a shuddering, groaning journey through three or four miles of water in which your little matchbox boat is acting as Miss Strong Prow, the Ice Breaker, you get to a wharf on Naushon and are bundled off, still in your New York clothes.
>
> But this is by no means the end of the journey. A large lunch, dinner really, is plunked down in front of you. Then you're off again. You sit high up on the seat of a heavily loaded wagon (no automobiles allowed) next to George, the hired man. It is a marvelous drive. The Corniche has nothing on it in some parts. The road winds along the shore line nearly all the way. Sometimes you are high up on the cliffs, sometimes on the beach, where the sand is frozen hard and makes a perfect trotting course. At one point nearly a hundred cattle came in sight. And the deer sailing over the slopes were beautiful to watch. But it is four miles' worth of beauty and delight, and the coldness of that two hours takes part of the joy away.
>
> Today I rode a nice quiet horse along the same road. We rode about eight miles to have a look at the sheep, about five hundred of them, and two new-born lambs.
>
> There's much more to tell you—about a dangerous trip to Martha's Vineyard, about being shot at today by the Oceanographic scientists. . . .

The Wide Prospect

Who could have figured, when the harnesses improved
And men pumped kobolds from the coal's young seams
There to the west, on Asia's unrewarding cape—
The interest on that first raw capital?
The hegemony only the corpses have escaped?

When the earth turns, the serfs are eaten by the sheep;
The ploughland frees itself from men with deeds.
The old Adam sells his hours to an alderman
(Who adds them, in Arabic, down his black books);
Men learn it takes nine men to make a pin.

The star-led merchants steer with powder and with steel
Past dragonish waters, to the fabled world
Whose ignorant peoples tear the heart with stone.
Their lashed lines transport to the galleons' holds
New vegetables, tobacco, and the gold! the gold

That cracked our veins with credit, till the indices
Of old commodities were meaningless as Christ,
Till serf and lord were hammered into States
The lettered princes mortgaged for their lace
To lenders shrewder than Poor Richard, crude as Fate.

What traffickers, the captains! How the merchants war!
Beneath their blood and gilt swim like a shade
Black friars who survey with impartial eyes
The flames where Fathers or the heathen die,
Who bless alike the corpses and the Trade.

Here the horseman—steel, and backed with wings,
The salt sails rising from the centuries—
Holds laws: the tables flash like steel
Under the hollows of the high head, whitening
The eyes that watch unseeingly, like coins,

The deaths of the peoples. They are entered in his books;
For them he keeps, as God for Adam, work
And death and wisdom. They are money.
Their lives, enchanted to a thousand forms,
Are piled in holds for Europe; and their bones

Work out their ghostly years, despair, and die.
The mills rise from the sea. . . . The mother and the son
Stare past the ponies of the pit, to wheels
Beaten from their iron breath, to shuttles
Threading their gnarled unprofitable flesh like bones—

Whirled on pulleys to the knife, drayed to the shuttling tramps,
Through post or mission, the long bolts of their lives
Run out, run out: the flesh lasts to those last isles
Where in mine and compound the man-eaters die
Under the cross of their long-eaten Kin.

All die for all. And the planes rise from the years:
The years when, East or West, the cities burn,
And Europe is the colony of colonies—
When men see men once more the food of Man
And their bare lives His last commodity.

RANDALL JARRELL

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"An Uncertain Sound"

DEMOCRACY UNDER PRESSURE: SPECIAL INTERESTS VS. THE PUBLIC WELFARE. By Stuart Chase. The Twentieth Century Fund. $1.

MR. CHASE has devoted this volume of his post-war series to the thesis that our political and economic order is threatened by the group selfishness of the organized pressure blocs, who put special interests—be it of business, labor, or agriculture—ahead of the interest of the nation. He recognizes that it is impossible at this date to do away with group action either in the market-place or in the halls of Congress and return to the pure atomistic society of Adam Smith's dream. But he believes that a solution can be had by legitimizing the various economic interest groups and coordinating them under the leadership of government so as to achieve the common good of all. He would have our post-war economic programs worked out by round-table collaboration among the representatives of business, labor, agriculture, and government.

In the words of E. H. Carr, which Mr. Chase quotes as summing up his own thesis, "the issue is whether to allow social action to depend on the haphazard outcome of a struggle between interest groups or to control and coordinate the activities of these groups in the interest of the community." So stated, Mr. Chase's thesis is as unobjectionable as the preacher's sermon against sin. Unfortunately it is just about as superficial. Of course we always have to contend against the "old Adam" in human nature, but most of the time it is more practicable to eliminate the underlying maladjustment, be it in the life of the individual or in the life of society, before taking on the moral task of the first against sin and selfishness.

Not only does Mr. Chase fail to segregate the fundamental maladjustments of our society before tackling the problem of group sins and group greeds, but he is led to characterize as sins what many people have been taught to regard as virtues. Under the head of pressure-group activities that equally need social control and coordination he lumps together such things as the trend toward monopoly and business men's lobbies for high tariffs and other special favors, the development of collective bargaining by labor and government efforts to help organize labor by legislation, the economic organization of farmers and the various New Deal—and pre-New-Deal—measures to raise farm prices and farm income. All activities which restrict competition by economic or political means are put in the same basket as examples of group selfishness needing to be controlled in the social interest. This is reminiscent of the school of economic thought which used to attribute all our troubles to the "rigidities" introduced by the various economic groups and made no distinction in their condemnation between concerted action by business to raise prices and concerted action by labor to raise the level of wages. Mr. Chase would do well to meditate on Anatole France's observation about "the majestic equality of the law, which forbids rich and poor alike to beg, to steal, and to sleep under the bridges at night."

But granted that all groups, at one time or another and in one degree or another, overshoot the mark in their collective actions and indulge in anti-social selfishness, how important is the whole disease of "pressure-groupitis" in the context of our basic economic problems? "Pressure-groupitis" becomes significant only when we attempt to direct the economy in the path of national interest and national purposes. This is the case in war time, and in war time it may be truly said that the group selfishness of one bloc or another is a threat to the national purposes and that we should work to remove such threats by enlightened round-table collaboration between groups.

But who can say that our peace-time economy is guided by clear-cut national purposes? Everybody who knows the economic facts of life is aware that our economy is run in accordance with the religion of the profit system, the religion of perpetually expanding investment. Under that religion, which has been imposed on the whole community by the business classes, bread and jobs for the many are made to depend upon the existence of opportunities of multiplied profit for the few. When the owners of profits and savings have an opportunity to multiply their possessions by investing in new profit-yielding capital plant and equipment, then the rest of us have a job and eat. When they don't have such an opportunity, there is unemployment and starvation in the midst of plenty.

In the past this religion "worked" in the sense that periods

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of high employment and a full dinner pail alternated with periods of mass unemployment and empty stomachs. Under contemporary conditions, however, the investment religion cannot even produce the "boom and bust" of the traditional business cycle. Without government spending, which they hate, and without high taxation of business profits, which they hate still more, the priests of Baal cannot light the fires of prosperity under the economic altar even on a temporary basis. They couldn't do it under Hoover, and they couldn't do it under Roosevelt—and still less will they be able to do it after the war.

That is the situation we face, but that is the situation nobody wants to talk about. Instead, we find reactionaries and liberals alike all talking about eliminating sin and getting around the table to work for the common good. Reactionaries do this as a way of distracting people's attention from the fundamental problem and preventing action on it. Liberals like Mr. Chase do this, I suspect, as a cover for the attempt to smuggle in a few feeble treatments for the underlying malady.

This type of deception may serve the reactionaries' purpose of preventing action. But how can it serve the liberals' purpose of facilitating constructive change? As the recent hearings on Wallace showed, the reactionaries aren't fooled one bit by the liberal talk of "let's all pull together and we'll make the profit and investment system work better than it ever did before—and we'll reduce taxes and pay off the debt, too!" They continue to sit on the lid and hold on to their power. At the same time the liberals forfeit their one chance of mass support for a program of peaceful, constructive change in advance of collapse and chaos, by failing to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

BRIEFER COMMENT

"I Muse Upon My Country's Ills"

IT IS WELL KNOWN that Herman Melville was more of a poet in his prose than in his poetry. Whole passages from the novels fall into a blank verse which, by comparison with the formal poetry, is richer in imagery and bolder in movement. The following, which I print as verse, is a passage from "Moby Dick" on the Pacific Ocean:

> And meet it is, that over these sea-pastures,
> Wide-rolling, watery prairies and Potters' Fields
> Of all four continents, the waves should rise
> And fall, and ebb and flow unceasingly . . .

It is true that in the next clause the meter breaks down; but so it does in numerous passages of the actual poems; yet there is no evidence that Melville as a poet was a vers-librist on principle. His verse is nevertheless worth studying, and F. O. Matthiessen's "Herman Melville: Selected Poems" (New Directions, $1) is admirably edited and prefaced. Oddly, Melville seems to have regarded verse as primarily a medium for speculation on politics, history, and religion; and much of his thought consists in reflecting on this country's destiny. Thus there are the reflective Battle Pieces, inspired

"Packed with dynamite"
—Chicago Sun

The Secret History of
THE WAR
By
WAVERLEY ROOT

DID YOU KNOW—that in 1942 a group of German generals formed a junta with the purpose of upsetting Hitler—and that these were the same men who appeared again last July in the attempted assassination of the Führer?

DID YOU KNOW—that a guerilla army of 8000 Koreans is fighting the Japanese in Manchukuo?

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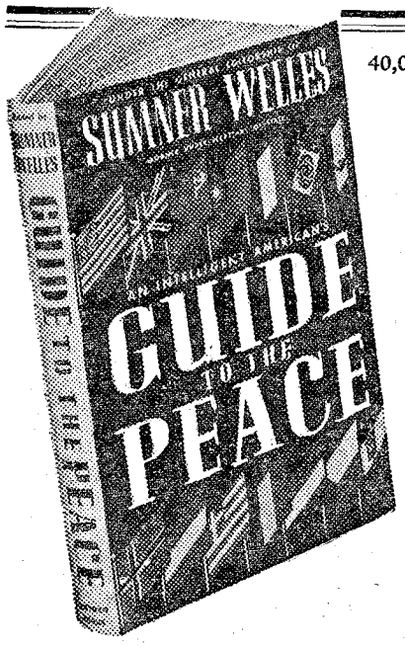
by the Civil War; the curious poem, The House-Top, which is magnificent in its specifications if not in its doing and which was provoked by his distress at the violence of the draft rioters in 1863; and the long philosophical dialogue, Clarel, of which Mr. Matthiessen prints several fragments. Yet Melville appears never to have reached any clear diagnosis of America's ills. Faith in the country's future merges into black misgiving; belief in the common citizen gives way to platonic fear of the mass state; love of country is counterbalanced by the typically Melvillesque yearning for a state of paradisic innocence, and in a speech given to one of the characters in Clarel this Eden wish is fused with the theme of national pessimism.

> They felt how far beyond the scope
> Of elder Europe's saddest thought
> Might be the New World's sudden brought
> In youth to share old ages' pains—
> To feel the arrest of hope's advance,
> And squandered last inheritance;
> And cry—"To Terminus build fanes!
> Columbus ended earth's romance:
> No New World to mankind remains!"

Melville said of Benjamin Franklin that he was grave without being serious. Melville himself was surely both; and some of the greatness of his temperament appears, however garbled and attenuated, in his poetry.

F. W. DUPEE



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Text for Germans

IN "GERMANY BETWEEN TWO WARS" (Oxford, $2.50) Lindley Fraser has tried to make "a study of propaganda and war guilt," to contribute to Germany's reeducation (his book is intended to be read by Germans after the war), and to guide British and American officials who will be in contact with Germans. In addition, Mr. Fraser has made use of propaganda broadcasts which he delivered to Nazi Germany in his capacity as news commentator of the B. B. C. The result of this potpourri of purposes is an incomplete study of propaganda and war guilt whose educational value remains doubtful. Mr. Fraser devotes a large part of his book to the stab-in-the-back and other German legends about World War I, but he does not even mention such basic facts as the fateful role of the first President of the German Republic, Fritz Ebert, whose alliance with the generals frustrated the German revolution and prevented a thorough house-cleaning in Germany. Where Mr. Fraser deals with Nazi propaganda proper and the origins of World War II he runs the danger of boring his expected pupils —certainly more liveliness is needed for educational purposes. Such statements as "For the National Socialists, in fact, propaganda was primarily and essentially a means to an end" leave the reader wondering what else propaganda should be. In talking about the future Mr. Fraser has the bad taste to refer the German to the hypocritical slogans of the old sinner Pétain. In fact, Mr. Fraser, viewing the future, overlooks the same point he has missed in viewing the past: nations do not condemn themselves. Their normal means of breaking with the past is revolution. The "spiritual purification" Mr. Fraser desires for Germany will come when the Germans themselves purify their hands with the blood of their former leaders. Such action was prevented in 1918 by fear of disorder. Will it be prevented again?

JOSEPH BORNSTEIN

Slavery and Economics

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION is a field well plowed by historians, but Professor Eric Williams of Harvard University proves that the intensive cultivation of special plots can still yield a worth-while crop. In "Capitalism and Slavery" (Chapel Hill, $3) he has given us a scholarly but incisively written study of the part played by the slave trade in the growth of capitalism and of the part played by a ripened capitalism in the downfall of slavery in the British West Indies.

In his preface Professor Williams asserts that he has not undertaken "an essay in ideas or interpretation" but "strictly an economic study." Be that as it may, he reveals himself as a hard-bitten economic determinist who refuses to see much virtue in the Abolitionist movement beyond its recognition that the game was up.

While it lasted, the triangular trade between Britain, West Africa, and the West Indies, a trade in which the middle and most essential link was black man-power, was a very profitable game indeed. It laid the foundations of some of the most respectable family fortunes in England; it provided part of the capital which financed the Industrial Revolution. But in that fact, as Professor Williams points out, lay the

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seeds of the system's decay. Britain's new factories were geared to world trade. They were hampered by the monopolies and restrictions of the mercantile system; they wanted to sell everywhere and buy in the cheapest market. Thus the vested interests, which in 1750 were ranged solidly behind the institution of slavery, by 1830 had turned solidly against it—at least in so far as it acted as a prop for the West Indian sugar monopoly. There was no objection to buying slave-grown cotton from the Carolinas or Brazil.

Professor Williams, I think, pushes his economic determinism too far at times. True, the Abolitionists could make little headway as long as the economic climate was adverse. But their efforts certainly hastened the end, and most of the active "saints" were truly disinterested even if rationalized self-interest was the motive of some of their financial backers. However, we can agree about Wilberforce, one of the most disagreeable "do-gooders" in history, whom Professor Williams finds "small" and "smug" and, as a leader, "addicted to moderation, compromise, and delay."

KEITH HUTCHISON

Western Childhood

WHEN HE ISN'T TANGLING HIMSELF UP in child psychology, Harvey Fergusson, in his "Home in the West" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.75), tells an interesting story of his pioneering forbears and his own childhood and youth in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Fergusson apparently decided to go to town in this book and give us, with the help of Freud, John B. Watson, and Harry Emerson Fosdick, no doubt, the results of what he calls "an inquiry into my origins." He even has an Appendix telling about split personalities and all.

It is hard to see what all the psychology is about. Both Mr. Fergusson's grandfathers were personable; his father, a Democratic Congressman, bored him with his speeches; his mother was a good sort who let him alone. There is a chapter, reminiscent of Lincoln Steffens, on how he liked to ride horses and go off by himself on long hunting expeditions. He was apparently a brooding little boy (how come he omits, "The thoughts of youth are long, long . . ."?), and he says that he was a "rebel," though he admits that he was not clear about what he was rebelling against. One appealing passage in the book is his description of his detestation of the military school he attended, which gave him a lasting aversion to military life.

But surely almost every boy, whether he grows up in Albuquerque, New Mexico, or Baraboo, Wisconsin, or West Seventy-third Street, New York, likes horses, likes to go off by himself, has his rebellious moods, and likes to chase giggling little girls through darkened parlors.

It seems to this reviewer that the author makes an undue fuss about these matters, especially the last. He has a whole chapter about his early sex life called The Dark Flower. Mr. Fergusson uses none of the words which he calls "forbidden," and we are glad to hear that he emerged "pure" from the various bordellos to which his evil-minded companions dragged him, but we don't quite understand why he brings up the subject at all, in view of the highly inconsequential results of his dalliance with venery. His is the feeblest of wolf songs.

Strangely enough, Russell Maloney in a recent issue of the *New Yorker* devoted more than a devastating page to pointing out that Mr. Fergusson is superficial. Mr. Maloney says that the book, with all its detailed description of life in the Southwest, leaves out Mr. Fergusson. But how does Mr. Maloney know that Mr. Fergusson has been left out? I would say he's all there.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

FICTION IN REVIEW

JUST as my response to Edita Morris's much too sensitive and poetical first novel, "My Darling from the Lions," was divided between impatience with its feminine excess of style and admiration for a talent that asserted itself quite despite so much artfulness, so my response to Mrs. Morris's new book, "Three Who Loved" (Viking, $2), is again compounded almost equally of irritation and compelled respect. The volume contains three stories on a common theme —the power of love to irradiate the world. In Kullan the animal joy of a little country serving girl is made to transform the lives of the city women she works for; in The Melody an idiot child works the spell of love on a bitter loveless village; in A Blade of Grass love of their teacher performs miracles upon a group of benighted slum children. Love, love, love: so much virtuous motive bound into one small volume would alone be enough to turn me against it. But in addition Mrs. Morris continues to write in an all-on-tiptoe-with-wonder-at-life prose which is perfectly matched to her ecstatic material. Yet it is within her power so sharply to project a mood that, for long after I put down something she has written, it reverberates—and with considerable pleasantness—in my memory.

As I say, this also happened with "My Darling from the Lions," and I have been wondering what accounts for Mrs. Morris's ability to involve and charm me against, as it were, my better judgment. In part, of course, it must be simply—or not so simply—the communicating power of her creative intensity. But I think it is also in large measure the Swedish setting of her stories, her use of an environment that is so lacking in the usual touchstones of sordid reality that it becomes a Never-never Land of poetic possibility, a fairy-tale country where there is just enough of the recognizable paraphernalia of our own lives (birth, death, bread, cheese, flowers) to give point to the moral lesson. I very much doubt that the stories in "Three Who Loved" would maintain their fairy-tale appeal, or exercise the charm they do, if they were to be translated from their present setting to the familiar world of, say, Rhode Island or Illinois.

In quite a different direction I have also been trying to explain to myself why I enjoyed another of the books I read this week, "Two Solitudes" by Hugh MacLennan (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $3). I have a pronounced distaste for fiction that undertakes to educate, and here is a novel which is not only pedagogically inspired but has a subject that, to my poor political imagination, has never seemed very urgent. Mr. MacLennan writes about the problems of Canada, which, compared with all other sections of this sad earth's surface—or so I like to comfort myself—has no problems; yet he not only impresses me with the im-

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portance of his theme but makes the instruction palatable. The double loneliness of his title refers to the separation between the English Canadians and the French Canadians; and such drama as the book achieves is evolved from this stupid division of a house against itself. "Two Solitudes" has little true drama, however; nor is it by virtue of narrative, characterization, prose manner, or any other of the expected skills of fiction that it makes its way; on any of these counts Mr. MacLennan's novel is more workmanlike than gifted. I suspect, then, that what we have in this case is one of those rare instances in which an author's seriousness and decency do a very good job as proxy for art.

DIANA TRILLING

CORRECTION: In reviewing Waverley Root's "The Secret History of the War" Ralph Bates wrote, "The Pacific war is not treated proportionately," not, as it appeared in the issue of February 10, "is not treated at all."

CONTRIBUTORS

RAPHAEL LEMKIN, author of "Axis Rule in Occupied Europe," was formerly a member of the International Office for Unification of Criminal Law and later head consultant to the Foreign Economic Administration. He is now lecturing at the School of Military Government in Charlottesville, Virginia. The opinions expressed in his article are his own.

SERGEANT ROBERT FLEISHER is combat correspondent on the Italian front for the army newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, *The Nation's* new contributing editor, has written a number of books on inter-racial problems, of which the latest is "Prejudice: Japanese Americans."

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JOSEPH BORNSTEIN was for many years managing editor of the *Tagebuch* in Berlin and later became editor-in-chief of the *Pariser Tageblatt*.

[Last week we credited Edgar Snow with having written a book in Chinese. He informs us that he has not mastered the difficult art of writing in Chinese.]

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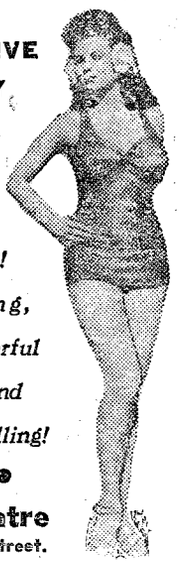

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE title of "One-Man Show" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is obviously intended to have a double meaning. Secondarily the play is about a successful art gallery and about that minimum of skulduggery which is necessary to run it. Primarily it is about the relationship between the able proprietor and his able daughter, about the process by which the girl finally frees herself from the influence of this man who has become, in everything except physical fact, her husband rather than her father. Only at the end does she realize that it is he who is preventing her from falling in love with anyone else, and only when she is able brutally to break the bond between them can she begin to have any life of her own.

Once this would have been a sensational theme. It was that when Sidney Howard wrote "The Silver Cord" and pleasantly shocked an audience very much interested in seeing taboos broken. These days, I suppose, progressive schools discuss the problem in 2B, and to the credit of the present play it must be said that sensationalism is not its object. Unfortunately, however, the effect of a competent and sober treatment is to raise the question whether the problem, considered merely as a problem, is interesting enough to make a really substantial play once there has ceased to be anything particularly "daring" about the willingness to treat it at all.

Like most of my colleagues of the daily press I found "One-Man Show" interesting enough to hold the attention, and with them I agree that while some of the earlier scenes are very deftly written, the last act is obviously contrived rather than logically convincing. But the real reason for the play's failure to be more than moderately successful seems to me to be less any technical defect than the simple fact that the subject is too small and too specialized to engage very profoundly either the intellect or the emotions so long as it is the inherent interest of the subject upon which everything really depends. Given characters and situations otherwise sufficiently arresting, there is, of course, no reason why any one of the now classical complexes should not form part of the complication; but when, as is here the case, the persons seem merely invented to illustrate the problem, the problem itself is hardly important enough. Constance Cummings, recently returned from England, does what she can to make the girl interesting in herself, and Frank Conroy as the suave father contributes what is probably the most convincing of the portraits. But the story is still a story about a psychological problem rather than a story about interesting people, and the problem is no longer fresh enough to carry a play.

It happens that "Hope for the Best" (Fulton Theater) also suffers from somewhat similar limitations inherent in its conception. The author is William McCleery, Sunday editor of *PM*, and it is therefore appropriate enough that his subject should be the growth of political consciousness in a popular columnist previously specializing in homespun sentiment. So far as I know, this is Mr. McCleery's first produced play, and it exhibits a rather greater facility in handling the more usual tricks of the trade than one might expect. But here again is a case where the subject is expected to carry a play and where it is not really capable of doing so. No doubt new and arresting things might be said about the duty of every citizen to do his political duty in whatever station of life it has pleased God to place him, but in "Hope for the Best" only the rather obvious things actually do get themselves said. No doubt, on the other hand, the obvious things would be enough if the columnist concerned were a sufficiently vital person in himself and if the young girl who saves his soul by taking him away from a designing female were similarly interesting in her own right. But as in the case of "One-Man Show" it is all too obvious that all the principal personages in "Hope for the Best" are rather insubstantially constructed to serve as pieces in a theoretical demonstration on a chessboard. One of these personages happens to be a rather tiresomely quaint music teacher with a mania for constructing what he calls "dramagrams." Two are exhibited on the stage, and one of them is a row of progressively taller blocks which topple over one after another when the least of them fails to stand up. The trouble with the play as a whole is simply that it too is rather too much a dramagram, rather too little a play. Franchot Tone attempts not too successfully to give the columnist personality enough to make it seem important whether he writes about politics or his love of the old home town. Jane Wyatt contributes her own beauty and charm to the role of the girl who persuades him to do his civic duty. But neither of them gets a great deal of help from the author.

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Critics and ordinary playgoers alike sometimes wonder why so many dramatists return again and again to the simple boy-meets-girl or lover-meets-wife formula, but it does not require much experience with topical plays to understand some part of the answer. The conventional subjects are so conventional that, as subjects, they have almost ceased to exist, and the playwright who uses them cannot hope that they will in themselves carry his play. He must try at least to give us something else in the way either of character or wisdom or wit.

Films

JAMES AGEE

"OBJECTIVE BURMA" is the story of a group of American parachutists who, after locating and destroying a Japanese radar station, try to walk out, through difficult country thick with the enemy. I can see no unconquerable reason why this shouldn't have been a great movie. But there are plenty of reasons why it isn't.

The main reason is that the players, by always saying the apt line at the apt moment and by almost every other means possible, continually remind you that they are, after all, just actors, and that none of this is really happening. I must also mention the simple lack of the sort of talent which would have made it possible to tell wonderfully well, in an hour or so, what is here pretty well told in two hours and twenty-two minutes. Lack of adequate talent is of course all the more irrelevant to criticism when the makers of a film are so clearly and honorably doing the best they know how. But it is hard to understand why such sincere and generally skilful people stop so far short of the chances for improving their work which are open to people of every degree of talent. I am embarrassed that it is necessary for an amateur to offer the following suggestion.

However good they may be, known actors in this sort of semi-documentary film inevitably blunt the edge of your best hopes and intentions. If you are forced to use actors, known or unknown, at least put them, and yourself, and everyone else involved in making the movie, through an inch-by-inch study of the faces and postures and total images of actual warfare, as they appear in record films of the war. If, in spite of such study, you find that your actors—for instance—or you yourself cannot recognize or cannot very greatly narrow the innumerable and great differences between the real thing and the well-meaning, over-professional, over-expressive imagination of it, you are most thoroughly to be respected if you give the whole project up.

The people who made "Objective Burma" are by no means specially to be criticized on these grounds; the criticism applies with equal justice to every American fictional war film I have seen. Indeed, "Objective Burma" is one of the best of them. Its actors are always actors; but in their actorish idiom they play, generally, with restraint. In the story-telling there is more than usual recognition of the value of detail and process; there is also some good sense. Often the camera prowls and veers along façades of vegetation which are freighted with the threat of imagination and possibility but which properly seldom turn out to contain any actual danger. And at the climax, a night attack, the screen is nearly dark enough and, during the build-up, nearly quiet enough, to give the audience an adequate sense of ignorant, strained, globular anticipation. Even better, it is obvious in one shot after another that the people who made the picture are using every resource they have. This sense of the whole heart and hope involved, rather than merely the assignment, and salary, and reputation, can of itself give fulness and even a kind of nobility to a piece of work, especially during a time of artistic cowardice and cynicism and despair. It makes this picture moving and good, for all its outright faults and sorry limitations.

"Roughly Speaking" is, I fear, a faithful history of the American middle class. It glories in the idea that this is still a country where you don't get shot for dreaming. The one dream worth about 90 per cent of its footage is the making of money. The most nearly respectable object of all this dreaming is to make sure that the boys get to Andover and Yale. The whole thing depresses me beyond words. Jack Carson, however, is likable, as he always is.

"The Thin Man Goes Home" and "Having Wonderful Crime" are harmless comic detective stories. It is physically easier to read such things in bed; it is less boring to watch them on the screen. I can't see that anything is to be gained, either way; but I realize, from a great deal too much personal experience, that gain is no part of the idea. The real point, I presume, is to find your own special hermetic nirvana of boredom.

In an adults-only theater, recently, I saw two elderly movies, "The Lash of the Penitentes" and "Glamor for Sale." The former contains some genuine and interesting shots, suspended in an aspic of terrifyingly pitiful and funny ineptitudes. The latter, a melodrama about the female escort business written by John Bright, is worthless and crisply nostalgic.

I want a bit tardily to recommend March of Time's "Report on Italy," which contains the mobbing of Caretta, the execution of Caruso, and enough suffering and unaccusable faces of human beings who happen to be Italians to blast the brains out of a script twice as stern as this one is, with its talk about "the Italian penance." If people of the peace-making sort knew or cared in the least how to look at faces—or dared to—the exhibition of such films at the peace conference could supply more valuable evidence, and hope for the future, than anything else I can think of. But like most of the two billion people who will suffer the effects of the post-war arrangements I am, I must grant, an amateur.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

AS TIME passes, the break between modern and Renaissance-naturalistic painting seems to become less sharp, though remaining definite nevertheless. Ultimately a picture by Picasso has to satisfy the same demands—demands involved by the nature of easel-painting—as does a Rembrandt. A continuity, historical and social as well as technical, is to be discerned even when modern painting is confronted with that of the seventeenth-century Dutch, which is in one sense its direct antithesis. For the Dutch school—if anything so various can be called a school—explored more consistently and thoroughly than any other the possibilities of contriving the illusion of deep space and of light in deep space on a two-dimensional surface. It did the most to annihilate the spectator's consciousness of the flatness of the picture plane—that flatness which the moderns have so literally and drastically reasserted.

The seventeenth century in Western

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Europe was inspired by a new perception of the infinity, intangibility, and continuity of space. What its painters explored pictorially—and Milton poetically, with his exotic place names and allusions and his vision of Satan soaring and diving between infinite height and infinite depth—was investigated practically and theoretically by the square-rigged ship, discoverers, geometers, and philosophers. But nowhere was this new sense of space, and of light as the description of space, bodied forth so consummately as in Dutch painting. Space and light are the themes not only of Dutch landscape but also of Dutch genre and interior painting, with its dramatic intervention of light amid enveloping, limitless shadows—or, as in the cases of Vermeer and de Hooch, with the recession of flat planes according to the modulation of light.

Modern taste has charged the Dutch —save for Vermeer and de Hooch— with lack of design; but twentieth-century taste, under the influence of Cézanne and the Oriental example and in reaction against the presumed amorphousness of the impressionists, has conceived of design too exclusively in terms of solidity and line, the ultimately decorative arrangement of mass, volume, and opaque plane—in all of which the Dutch were largely uninterested, even as they were uninterested in sculptural effects and the nude. What caught them was the play of light on surfaces and in atmosphere, and out of that play of light, registered in the varying densities of neutral tones—grays and browns—they created design as firm as any in pictorial art.

Two landscapes at the very good show of Dutch painting now at Knoedler's (through February 24)—one a river scene with boats by Salomon van Ruysdael, the other a view of Arnhem by Jan van Goyen, both of them almost identical in size—achieve the perfection of this type of design—framed on gradations of dark and light against which delicate, restrained color beats an obbligato as subtle as any in music itself.

And yet the charge of neglect of design is to some extent borne out: particularly by Rembrandt, who sometimes paid for his most striking effects precisely by sacrificing design. His remarkable portrait of Gerard de Lairesse has too much space at the bottom—not to mention its overpowering directness of psychological vision, which, being far in excess of the capacities of physical vision, renders the unhappy subject a monster of physiognomic nakedness; his otherwise excellent Young Girl Standing in a Room shows too much space around the figure, while his Still Life with Dead Game is put out of joint by the clumsily handled empty space on the left-hand side. Rembrandt's concentration on the high lights and his habit of surrounding them with great areas of "brown sauce" proved a hypnotic example to his followers, and a destructive one, for it was a style much too risky for anyone but a genius. It was dangerous enough to Rembrandt himself, whose true masterpieces come relatively few and far between.

Dutch still-life painting, too, sacrificed design, at least in the decorative sense, but in such a marvelously executed still life as Willem Kalf's the eye discovers its delight as it goes from one detail to another. Were it to draw back to take in the picture at a single glance, everything would collapse. The picture has to be read chronologically, its points of paint examined one at a time. The dexterity of Kalf's brush and the richness and juice of his *pâte* overcome the eye's resentment at the absence of decorative design. And it is characteristic of the Dutch school that the very workmanship of the artist, the good quality and permanence of his pigments, glazes, and varnishes, the skill, patience, and conscientiousness with which he has applied them—all these contribute somehow to the pleasure.

Other good works at this exhibition are by de Hooch, Metsu, Victoors, and Ochtervelt. There is a second, and almost equally successful, river scene by Salomon van Ruysdael, a fair seascape with ships by Willem van de Velde, and an interior by Terboch and a genre scene by Steen that just barely manage to come off.

Aelbert Cuyp's two landscapes are clumsy and lifeless, though well-painted in spots; while a self-portrait by Barent Fabritius, a disciple of Rembrandt, falls into monotony and over-smoothness in its browns, for all the charm of its high-lighted parts. Frans van Mieris, who excelled in "silks and satins, luster, plate, and jewels," is represented by a small Lady with a Parrot whose shortcomings demonstrate why Kalf's still life succeeds so well. Each object in Kalf's still life is painted almost perfectly within the naturalistic terms Kalf set himself; within the same terms Mieris has superlatively rendered the satin and velvet of his lady's clothes, but her head and the parrot are handled with a weakness the rest of the canvas cannot make good.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

IT HAD not been my intention to discuss Webster Aitken's second recital; but the performances that were cheered by the audience call for some comment here. I imagine the audience must have been impressed by the completeness with which every performance was achieved both in musical conception and in pianistic execution: one heard a progression, clear and powerful in its musical logic, in which every detail had its place and meaning and was produced from the piano with unfailing perfection and with flawless beauty of sound. I don't share Aitken's feeling about Schubert's music—which is to say that I think the fast movements of the posthumous A major Sonata call for the relaxed spaciousness of Schnabel's treatment of them in his recorded performance, rather than the intensity and drive that Aitken imparted to them. But that doesn't prevent me from appreciating the superb things he made of those movements in accordance with his own feeling; and the intensity produced a hair-raising statement of the extraordinary middle section of the slow movement. Concerning the performances of Debussy's "Images," on the other hand, there are no dissents, no qualifications: I have never heard in any other performances what Aitken's imagination discovers in Debussy's music and conveys through the riches of sound that he commands from the piano.

The Metropolitan's Saturday afternoon performance of "Die Meistersinger" was scheduled for 1:30; and turning on the radio at 1:25 I found that I had caught the finale of an Eddie Condon jazz broadcast, with Jess Stacy —whom I had not heard in years—playing the piano, and playing it as excitingly as ever. At 1:30 there was a reminder from the announcer about the Metropolitan Opera broadcast at 2:00; and at 2:00 my fears were confirmed: the broadcasting companies will cancel scheduled programs to make time for broadcasts of baseball and football games and boxing matches, but not for an opera; and the Blue Network's broadcast of "Die Meistersinger" picked up the performance in the middle of the first act. Moreover, while everyone else knows the importance of the orchestral part of a Wagner music-drama, WJZ's engineers do not; and the performance was transmitted, as always, with the

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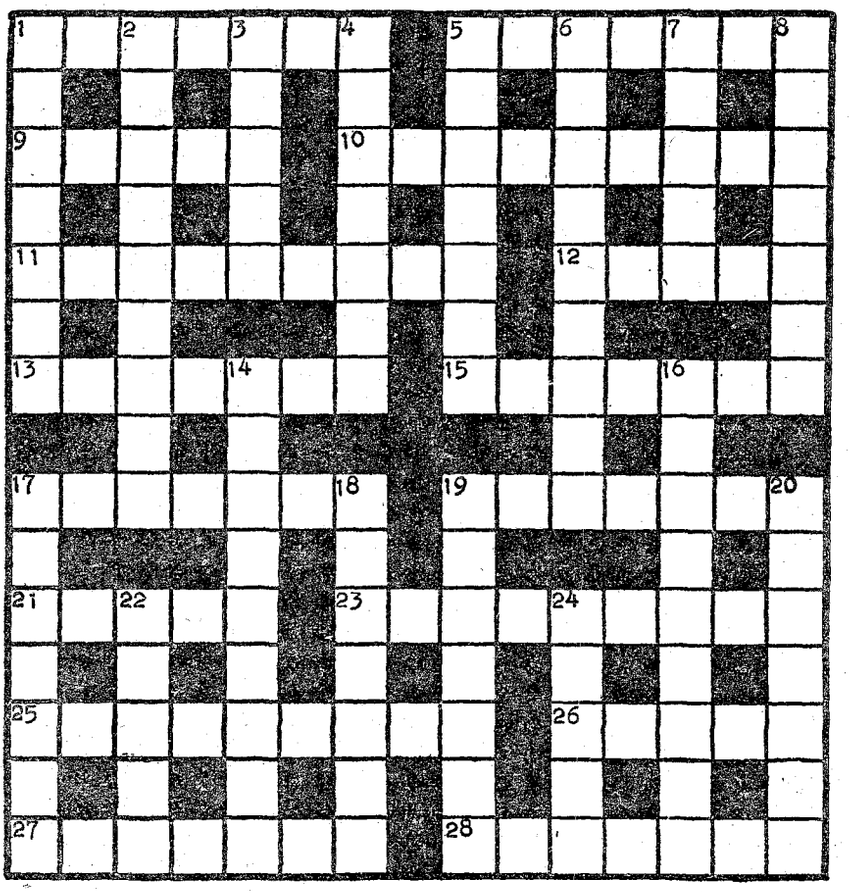
Crossword Puzzle No. 104

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 A bacterium
5 "I cannot tell what the ------- his name is" (*Merry Wives*)
9 What are you trying to do now?
10 A writer of contemptible verse
11 Lamenting (anag.)
12 Japanese seaport
13 Shakespeare wrote of "------- pied and violets blue"
15 Something to close a bottleneck
17 Peas can make tasty snacks
19 Cuts into equal parts
21 Sheep in a drain
23 Composer of the sparkling and energetic *Gaite Parisienne*
25 Might make an eel lament
26 Size of the white of an egg
27 Aromatic form of descent
28 Birds which give shrieks

DOWN

1 Sympathy without relief is like ------- without beef
2 What happens when an irresistible body meets an immovable object?
3 It beat Mrs. Partington in an unequal struggle
4 The true use of speech is not so much to ------- our wants as to conceal them, said Goldsmith
5 A tippler turns up with a song for two voices
6 Shellfish or nothing is put before us!
7 Something more than you bargained for perhaps
8 Follows the personal name—followed it a long time after, in fact
14 I claim to be flawless, but am just the opposite!
16 How some small children ride their daddies
17 "When the ------- finished jumping on his mother, He loves to lie a-basking in the sun"
18 Leopards are this naturally
19 Hoodwinks
20 Balls
22 At which place we embraced her
24 African river. Looks like reign, doesn't it?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 103

ACROSS:—1 GINERAL C; 5 MASCOT; 10 ALMONRY; 11 OPHELIA; 12 ANNA; 13 CERES; 16 KILN; 17 GONERIL; 19 CELIA; 20 GERMAN; 22 ALIMENT; 23 ROWING; 25 OTHER; 27 TAYLORS; 31 MALT; 32 SODAS; 33 HEAP; 36 EVASION; 37 IRELAND; 38 LEDGER; 39 THRASHER.

DOWN:—1 GO AWAY; 2 NOMINEE; 3 RING; 4 LEYDEN; 6 ACHE; 7 CALCIUM; 8 TRAINING; 9 LOVER; 13 COAL GAS; 14 RED MOLD; 15 SIGNORS; 17 GIANT; 18 LETTS; 21 CROMWELL; 24 WILLARD; 26 EYELASH; 28 YOUNG; 29 OAFISH; 30 SPIDER; 34 RIDE; 35 LENA.

voices blanketing the orchestra—which meant not only that much of the lovely orchestral detail one wanted to hear for itself could not be heard, but that the vocal part was often deprived of the orchestral context which it needed to give it meaning. But this time the sound was not distorted unpleasantly, as the sound of "Don Giovanni" had been last November, when defective transmitting apparatus had made the violins wiry and harsh and put an extra-sharp edge on Florence Kirk's tremolo-ridden shrieking.

Then, listening to a WNYC broadcast from the Frick Collection of a performance of Mozart's G minor Piano Quartet by Nadia Reisenberg and members of the Budapest Quartet, I found that the sound of the strings was fairly good—with a little distortion of the violin, and some over-emphasis of the cello; but that the piano sounded as though it were wrapped in blotting-paper, and often could not be heard behind the strings. I am sure that the way the performance was picked up and transmitted had something to do with this; but I also had the impression that Miss Reisenberg was playing with excessive delicacy to start with, and the dullness of the sound may have been produced in part by the left pedal.

And finally I got to Town Hall in time for the second half of the New Friends of Music concert of Mozart sonatas played by Szigeti and Arrau. In the broadcasts of their performances of Beethoven sonatas last year Arrau's style seemed wooden; in Town Hall this time that style was made even worse by what the radio and phonograph apparently conceal: his wooden—that is, hard, dull, percussive—tone. Now I understood the anguished complaints of some New Friends subscribers last year: it was something really painful to listen to. And this time the dead weight of Arrau's playing seemed to be more than Szigeti could carry.

This reminds me that in speaking of Schuster's fine performance of Debussy's Cello Sonata a couple of weeks ago I should have mentioned how well the piano part was played by Hellmut Baerwald, who impressed me last May with the remarkable playing he did with Rethberg, and who is, then, still another pianist whom the New Friends might have engaged for sonatas with Szigeti. Also, I might have mentioned last week that the defects of Studio 8H as compared with a concert hall can be heard in the Toscanini NBC Symphony recordings made in that studio and in Carnegie Hall.

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